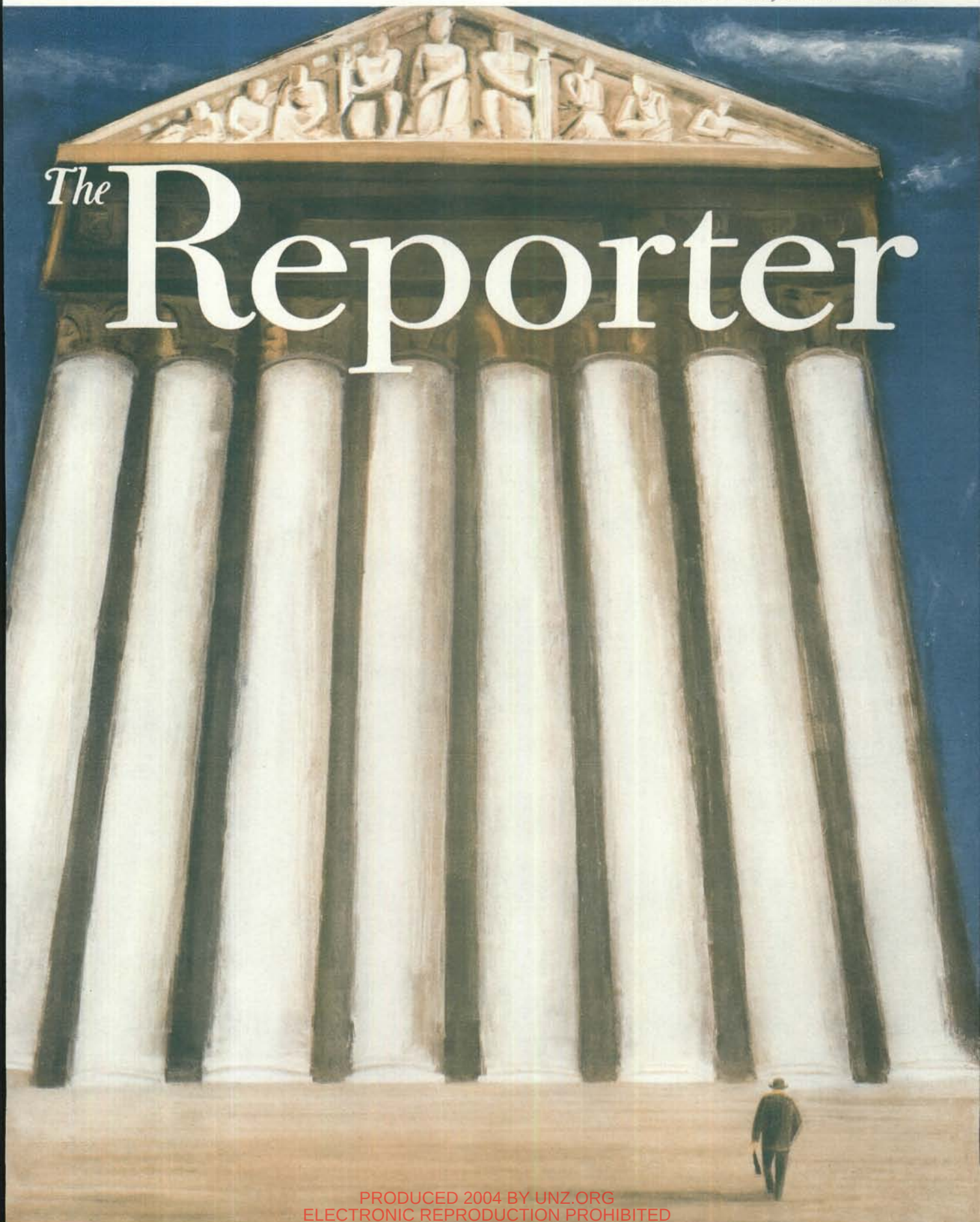
Which Is the Majority Party?

November 24, 1953 25c



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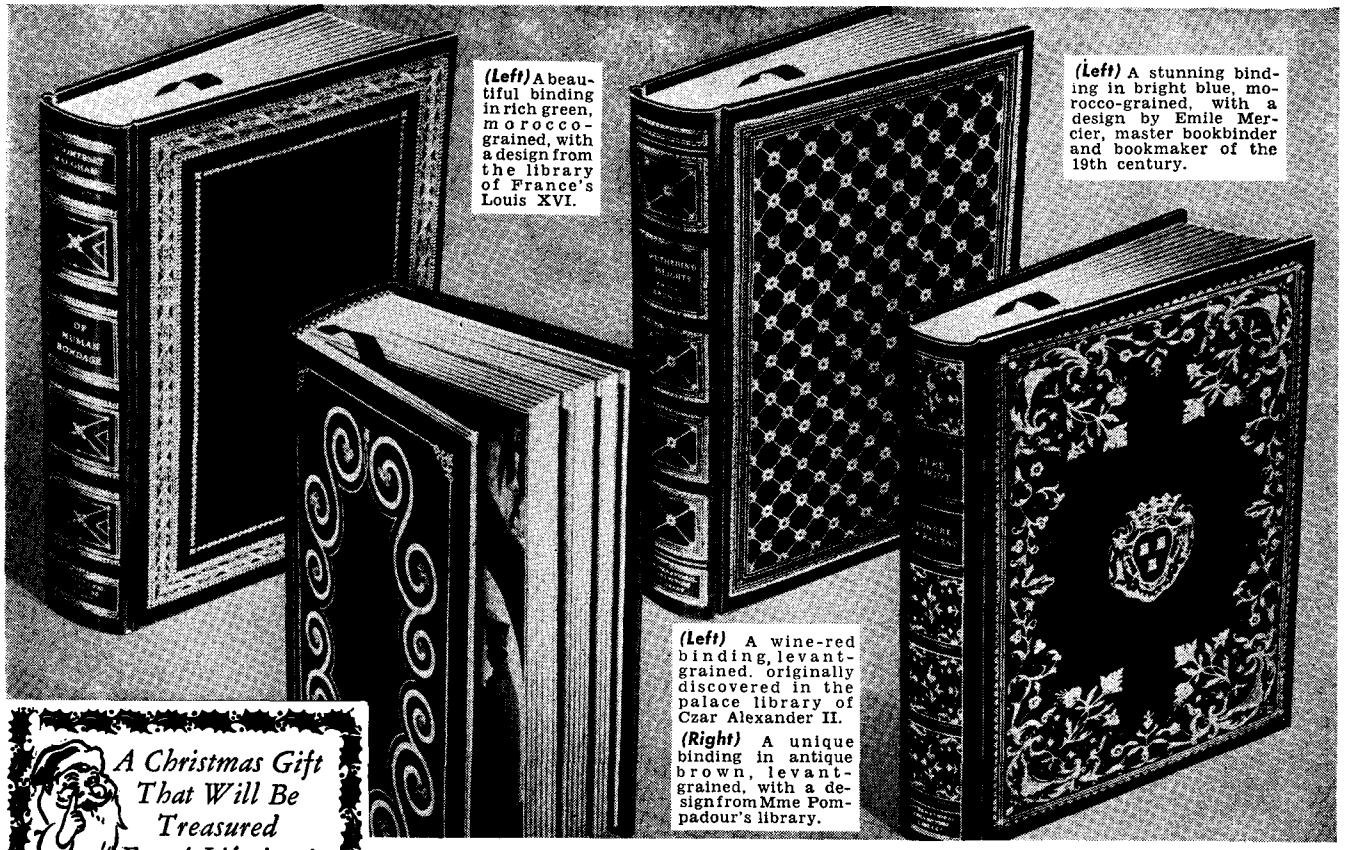

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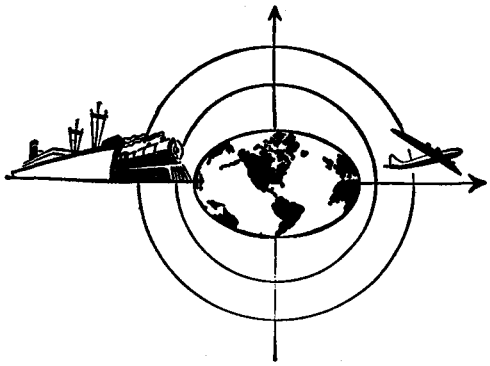

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Not Beef But Policy

The last time a Republican Administration was visited by an irate group of citizens, the "bonus army" of 1932, it took General MacArthur and a body of soldiers to disperse them and burn their tents. By contrast, the cattlemen's recent bus trip to Washington was decorous, civilized, and brief. When the farmers stood Secretary Ezra Benson up against the wall, it was done in a nice way, politely. When Benson said "No," they went away quietly. But the stockmen left behind them some questions that go beyond parity prices for beef on the hoof.

For one thing, they left a spontaneous feeling of sympathy for poor old Uncle Ezry. The Secretary had told off a special-interest group; and that kind of gambit, always important in our politics, acquired new popularity when Adlai Stevenson went around the country last fall telling veterans, farmers, trade-unionists, and Southerners that he would stand above class or sectional interests.

Mr. Benson may still not survive the eating of his own unwise and indigestible words of last spring, especially if farm prices keep slipping and if Congressman Clifford Hope of Kansas, Chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, decides he wants the job. But by the crudity of their pressure tactics, the cattlemen have made it much more difficult for the President to drop Benson overboard without making a big political splash.

The busloads of ranchers certainly got people talking about their problem. But it's not at all clear that this is a good thing for their cause. They showed why, if ranchers have to pay high controlled prices for their cattle feed, it is logical for them to seek high controlled prices for cattle. What they didn't and couldn't show was why it is logical to stop there—or anywhere along that road. How would they say that what is right for beef is wrong for pigs or, as the *Wall Street Journal* has suggested, for lobsters or television sets?

The cattlemen dramatized for city people the idea of parity, and thus brought to the surface a subconscious worry, not about beef but about policy. People who don't farm for a living can't help thinking about how the parity principle might be applied to their own businesses.

ON THE commuting train, packed in like cattle, a group of men were discussing Secretary Benson's troubles. "What do they mean by parity, anyway?"

A Wall Street trader in a pinstripe suit was quick to explain in his own idiom. "Parity," he said, "is like when one share of International Nickel would buy me a lunch at Café Chambord in 1929, well, one share ought to buy me the same lunch there in 1953."

"That's for me," said another broker, a man whose eyes were screwed up in a perpetual squint from watching the little numbers on the flickering board. "Let's not have any of this sliding-scale business—just a flat guarantee of ninety per cent of parity on listed stocks.

"No, I mean it," he went on, warming to his argument. "If a stock buyer gets into the market at a low figure and the prices go up, then it's only fair that he gets a profit from his judgment and skill and initiative and risk in being able to sell the stock at the higher price. After all, he's been fattening it up in the feed lots during the interim.

"That's free enterprise, and the American Way of Doing Things.

"But if a fellow comes into the market at the top and puts out his good money in the confident expectation that he can turn around some day and sell it at the same price, well, he surely ought to have some

NOT SO LONE RANGER

TEXANS GIVE MCCARTHY CADILLAC FOR HIS DEEDS

I'm headin' for the next roundup . . .
Gonna saddle new Caddy for the first time and ride . . .
To the Big Joe Ranch where I swing my lariat wide . . .
To rope all the critters who ain't on my own side . . .
And brand 'em on the hide . . .
Git along little Caddy, git along little Caddy,
Git along little Caddy,
Git along . . .
I'm headin' for the next roundup, with my bride.

—SEC

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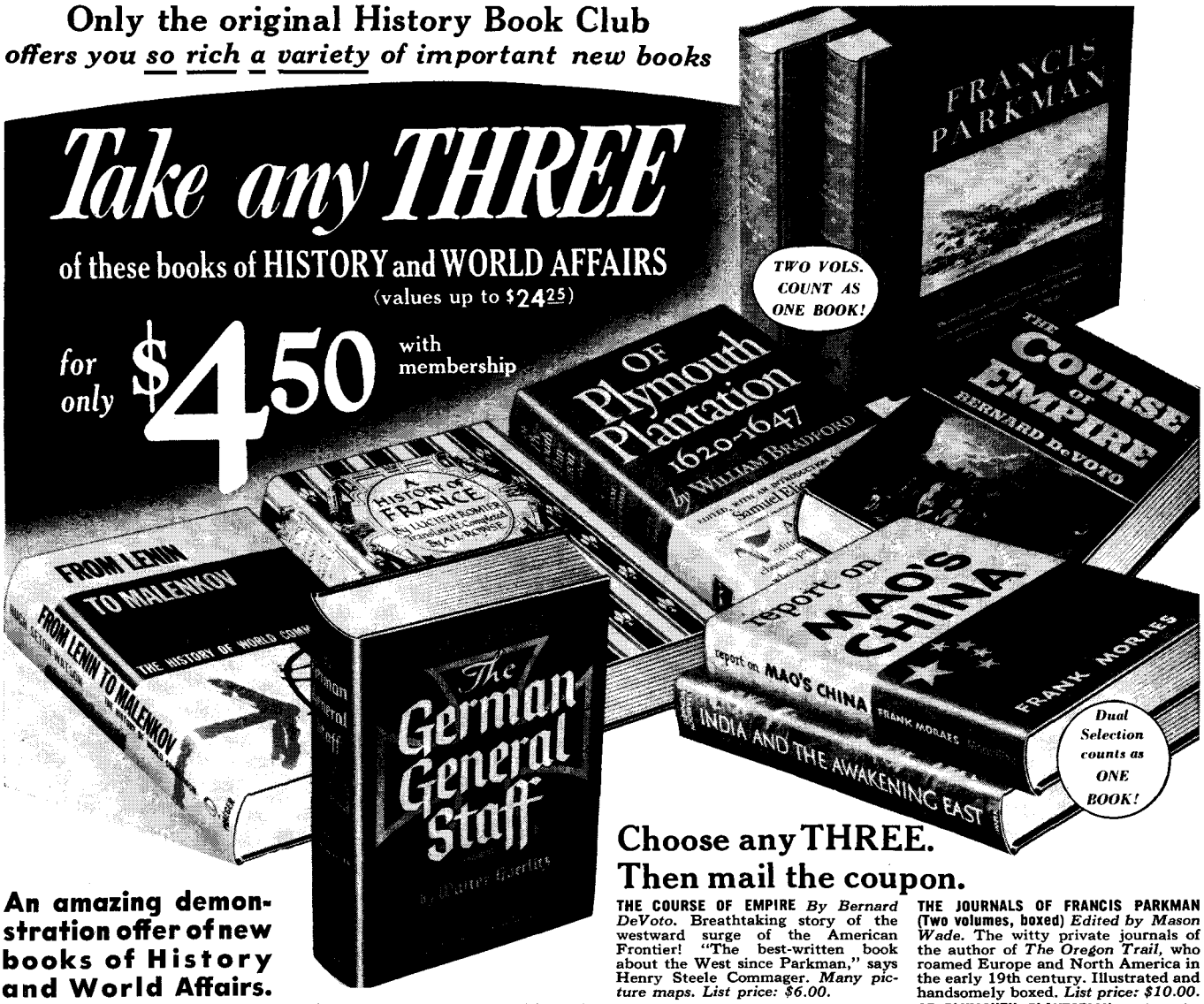
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protection from his government against loss."

"We could use some of that, too," a magazine publisher chimed in. "Any time the circulation dips below our guarantee to advertisers in our best year, the government could buy the unsold copies and put them in a warehouse. The stuff may be perishable, but it wouldn't spoil like meat or butter."

Guessing Game

This year's drought and what the Administration has been doing to help those affected by it brings to mind a story about another drought and another Administration. The other drought hit Texas very hard and someone introduced a measure in Congress to appropriate the modest sum of $10,000 to buy seed for the relief of the sufferers. The President promptly vetoed the bill, declaring: "I do not believe that the power and duty of the General Government ought to be extended to the relief of individual suffering which is in no manner properly related to the public service or benefit. The prevalent tendency to disregard the limited mission of this power and duty should, I think, be steadfastly resisted, to the end that the lesson should constantly be enforced that though the people support the Government the Government should not support the people. . . . Federal aid in such cases encourages the expectation of paternal care on the part of the Government and weakens the sturdiness of our national character."

Can you guess the author of this classic? Or even his party? Was this hard-bitten enemy of even $10,000 worth of creeping socialism a Republican? Or could he have been a member of that party whose Presidential candidate last fall spoke feelingly of "a government with a heart" and cited the great liberal tradition of Jackson, Cleveland, Wilson, Roosevelt, and Truman?

Puzzles like this are always supposed to have a surprise ending, so you've probably guessed that he was a Democrat. The year was 1887 and the President was Grover Cleveland.

Numbers Racket

Apparently the American Tariff League, which believes in high tariffs, is afraid the American people believe in low tariffs. As a consequence the League has put together as phony a set of numbers as we have seen in a long time, to prove that the United States is "a low man on the tariff totem pole."

The League measures the "average tariff level" by taking the total value of imports each year and dividing it by the amount of money collected as customs duties during the same year. ". . . In 1952 our imports totalled $10,745 million. Our customs receipts were $575 million. Applying that figure against total imports results in a ratio of 5.3 per cent. That ratio expresses our average tariff level for 1952 . . ."

Using the same kind of arithmetic, the Tariff League "proves" that the U.S. tariff is lower than that of most other countries. Out of thirty-eight countries measured, reading from high to low, the United States is thirty-first on the list.

The catch is that the measuring-stick the League uses is grotesque.

The whole idea of our tariffs—and of the lobbying by the American Tariff League—is to exclude such things as Italian hats, cut glass from Czechoslovakia, British woolens, and Swiss watches. What's more, they succeed. So what does a low level of customs receipts show? It measures the success of high tariffs in keeping dutiable goods out of the country.

Look at it this way. About fifty-five per cent of all our imports come in free of any duty; forty-five per cent are dutiable. Now suppose duties on that forty-five per cent were pushed up so high as to keep them out entirely. Then the only goods coming in would be on the free list; the ratio of duties collected to total imports would be zero; and U.S. tariffs—by American Tariff League reasoning—would be the "lowest" in the world.

With this kind of numbers game, the American Tariff League is sitting pretty: The more it succeeds in persuading Congress to raise tariffs (and thereby keep foreign goods out), the "lower" will be the ratio it is trying to palm off as a statistical measure of the height of U.S. tariffs.

However, free-trade groups can do arithmetic too. One of the most effective is the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, which methodically picks holes in the statistical effusions of the Tariff League and other protectionist groups. In a recent release, the U.S. Council took another swing at the use of "average" tariff rates: "In 1951, when our 'average' tariff level was 5.1%, the users of ferro-tungsten paid a duty of 68% on their imports of this commodity; lace and embroidery importers paid duties ranging between 60% and 90%; importers of certain types of hats paid duties from 153% to 223%. Until there is a close examination of tariffs commodity by commodity," the U.S. Council continued, "overall lump-sum percentages can lead to distorted and dangerous conclusions. They are statistical 'gimmicks,' not policy guides."

'P.O.W.'

The United States Steel Corporation performed a notable public service recently by presenting on TV an hour-long play called "P.O.W." The subject of American prisoners of war in Korea does not make for light entertainment; but it could have made for sensation and sentimentality. Instead, this play about the brain-washing and torment suffered by our captured soldiers was one of the most powerful, honest, and painful hours ever experienced on television. Above all, it was imbued with that spirit of sheer goodness which represents the American character at its highest.

If "P.O.W." is any indication of the way in which Army, government, and public have handled our returned prisoners of war, they deserve gratitude. And so, for showing it to us, does U.S. Steel.

Fan Letter

The voice of Elmer Davis is unmistakably American—twangy, humorously skeptical, and full of common sense. Now his doctors have told him that he must temporarily suspend his evening news broadcasts.

We don't want to rush Mr. Davis's convalescence and we hope he is enjoying himself down in Florida. When he feels up to it, we would be grateful for even a weekly commentary. Meanwhile we dial fitfully from one of his colleagues to another —and hope Elmer Davis comes back soon.

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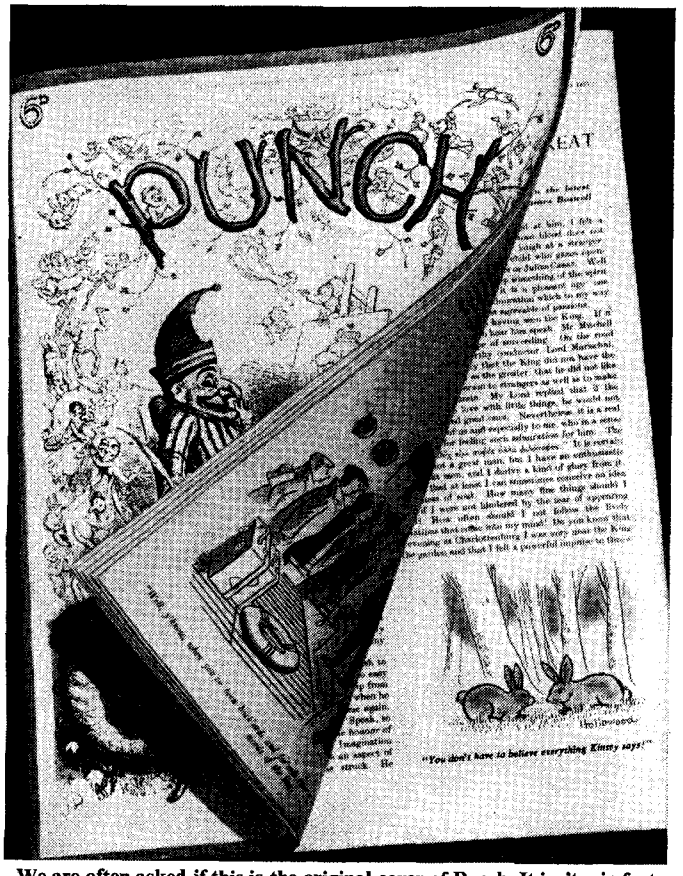

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PROPAGANDA AND POLITICS

To the Editor: For *The Reporter* of October 27, which came in my mail today, I am infinitely grateful. William Lee Miller's article "Can Government Be 'Merchandised'?" is a magnificent statement of the issues.

MARY R. BEARD
New Milford, Connecticut

To the Editor: The article by William Lee Miller interests me very much. Thank you very much for sending it to me. I would, of course, have seen the article, since I read *The Reporter.*

It is an effective article and scores some direct hits, but to my mind most of the targets are irrelevant.

What Mr. Miller objects to is the use for political purposes of advertising and public-relations techniques applied to contemporary communications media. It would be far more realistic and to the point to deplore perversion of such techniques to unworthy social ends. The cure for dock gangsterism is not to abolish stevedoring. Nor is the cure for abuses in mass communication the abolition of modern efforts at persuasion.

Mr. Miller concedes that the practices he deplores have been employed in one way or another since politics began. He might have added that they go back to the first time one man ever tried to persuade another by means other than a club. Nevertheless, Mr. Miller does not lay the stress it deserves on that fact.

In every age and land, people have used contemporary facilities to try and persuade their fellow men. Some have used them for social purposes, others for anti-social purposes. Some have been ethical, some unethical.

And in every age the battle is, or it should be, to make the ethical fellow the greater master of the technique. In a democracy like ours, the cure for propaganda is more propaganda. Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed this idea as well as anyone: "Every idea is an incitement. It offers itself for belief and if believed it is acted on unless some other belief outweighs it or some failure of energy stifles the movement at its birth."

So long as the mass media are kept open to all, I do not believe empty ballyhoo or false claims will triumph in the long run. Words must, in the end, be linked to deeds. Otherwise, they backfire. The people have long memories. Let Mr. Miller take comfort in a famous Lincoln adage, to set against the one he quoted: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all the time."

EDWARD L. BERNAYS
New York

To the Editor: As an old adman myself, I know this: You can ring up the initial sale on a product by clever promotion, but the *product must be good* to keep on selling. It must live up to its "cleaner, fresher, smoother" advertised promises—or the first sale is the last; the buyer buys no more.

Then again, a high-level, honest, believable promotional approach—sincere is the word—often outsells the slickest advertising campaign. Witness the more than twenty-seven million votes pulled by an Adlai Stevenson who four months before Election Day was practically unknown to everybody outside of Illinois. Another three or four months of his speeches and the story might have been different.

B.B.D.&O. *et al.* sold the product. But oversold it. The product is not living up to advertising claims. Dissatisfied consumers will not buy again.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

To the Editor: I read *The Reporter* because I like it, and I shall probably go on reading, but your October 27 issue has me on the ropes. Let me explain:

You lead off with an article by William Lee Miller with the heading "Can Government Be 'Merchandised'?" This is an excellent article. If its facts are straight, it is certainly justified in its moral tone of concern about obviously immoral (I did *not* say illegal) techniques of misleading advertising and oversimplification by both parties and the Administration in particular.

Then comes the next article by Lewis Anthony Dexter, "Democratic Me-Tooism or Active Opposition?" The author condones exactly the same sort of oversimplification and misleading activity on the part of the Opposition which the Miller article condemns in the Administration.

Gentlemen, may I remind you that despite the reports of Kinsey and others, morals are not yet proven to be relative? And, even if they were, it is still stretching the point beyond recognition to roundly condemn in one article what you heartily approve in the next. I prefer that my Democratic opposition be based on consistent grounds and some kind of moral judgment.

Please, if you must carry two such contrary viewpoints, notify the reading public that a debate is in progress.

DAVID SAGESER
Cincinnati

To the Editor: The articles "Can Government Be 'Merchandised'?" and "Democratic Me-Tooism or Active Opposition?" may be more closely related than their adjacent position in *The Reporter* indicates.

Suppose that General Eisenhower's Presidential victory was not the result of the G.O.P. commercial advertising campaign. So far, I haven't seen any published surveys claiming that it was, but this may be due to the need for reticence in holding onto an account of this kind. Even some people who like Ike rebelled at the high-pressure spot-announcement radio campaign to the extent of not voting at all. Eggheads, obviously.

Probably the most important factor in the Eisenhower victory, however, was the two-year Democrat-darkening strategic campaign led by the late "Mr. Republican" himself. A majority of the voters, including some who hadn't visited a poll in years, were convinced by this political—not advertising—campaign that the Democratic Party had to be cleaned out of Washington.

Like most effective psychological warfare, this G.O.P. strategy was based on some facts: chiefly on mistakes and unethical, if not illegal, actions by a few members of the incumbent Administration. Each case was quickly labeled as a sample of the entire Democratic Administration. As a result, a great many voters who agreed with most of the Truman Administration's foreign and domestic policies became convinced that it really was "Time for a Change" long before the nominating conventions were held. For this reason, General Eisenhower's personal appeal to the "independent voter" won him the nomination. Some people who liked Adlai even more than Ike as a Presidential candidate voted for the latter because they feared that not even a capable, experienced, and independent politician like Stevenson could handle the entrenched "burocrats" and "five-percenters."

The Republican strategy was more one of psychological warfare than of simple political "opposition." Nevertheless, it was planned and executed by politicians and achieved its goal some time before conventional advertising was brought in to "merchandise" a new Administration.

BEN PRIDE
Warren, Ohio

To the Editor: I believe that the theory running through Mr. Dexter's article—that we should point our guns at the Congress rather than at the Executive branch of the government—is the proper procedure.

At the present time I do not think that President Eisenhower's popularity has fallen off to such an extent that he can be severely criticized, although there is ample cause for criticism. However, the do-nothing attitude of the present Congress and the results shown in the recent election in Wisconsin would seem to indicate that opposition and criticism directed at the Republican Congress would be more beneficial to the Democratic Party at this time.

JOHN M. CARR
Chairman
Massachusetts Democratic
State Committee
Boston

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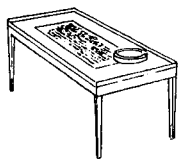

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

"WHICH Is the Majority Party?" Every once in a while, when the answer to a question seems obvious, the answer is wrong. Last November the Republicans turned the Democrats out, but the Republican and Democratic parties are almost evenly balanced in strength, and the President's unwillingness to choose between leading the nation or his party, his reluctance to exert any positive leadership, make **Max Ascoli's** question something very different from a rhetorical one.

In our October 27 issue Lewis Anthony Dexter opened a debate on the role of the Democratic Party now that it is out of power. **Senator Lister Hill** of Alabama continues the debate by insisting that the fact of having been removed from power—by a very small margin—does not exempt the Democratic Party from responsibility. Senator Hill, one of the most active and respected Democratic leaders, tells how the Democratic Party is doing in Opposition and what he thinks it ought to do. A Congressman from 1923 to 1930, and a Senator since 1938, Lister Hill is a member of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare and of the Democratic policy committee in the Senate.

James MacGregor Burns suggests some far-reaching changes in the way Opposition parties should operate to win elections and still be able to govern if successful. Mr. Burns served with the War Labor Board in 1942-1943, was an expert consultant to the Hoover Commission in 1948, and is now associate professor of political science at Williams College. He is the author of *Political Leadership in a Democracy* and *Congress on Trial.*

J. M. Arvey's power in Chicago politics has seen, among other remarkable results, the introduction into public life of two men so radically different from conventional politicians as Adlai Stevenson and Paul Douglas. He has written—in collaboration with **John Madigan**—the frank and refreshing story of his relations with Mr. Stevenson. John Madigan, a friend of Mr. Arvey's for many years, was political editor of the Chicago *American* when Governor Stevenson was nominated. He covered the Stevenson campaign from the moment of the nomination until ten days before the election, when he joined General Eisenhower in Detroit "just in time to hear him promise to go to Korea."

IN OUR LAST issue we reported on Trieste. We now turn to another troubled spot, British Guiana, where the British are trying to nip in the bud a Communist revolt which has not yet reached the point of armed insurrection but is gravely disturbing because of the far-reaching repercussions it may have in countries as distant as India and Pakistan—not to mention Africa—and, of course, Guiana's neighbors in Latin America. **Daniel James,** managing editor of the *New Leader,* was traveling in Latin America at the time of the crisis and was the first American journalist to interview Dr. and Mrs. Jagan.

We are provided with many reports about what the negotiators have been doing at Panmunjom, but far less attention has been paid to the unhappy North Korean and Chinese prisoners, who have seen Communism at work and do not want to go home. Their plight is described by **Patrick O'Donovan,** who covers Korea for the London *Observer.*

Ruth Barrett, who writes about labor conditions in Japan, has recently returned from that country with her husband, George Barrett of the New York *Times.*

In preparing her article on this year's Congressional investigations of the great philanthropic foundations, **Helen Hill Miller** talked with instigators, investigators, and targets.

Henry Steele Commager, professor of history at Columbia University, reviews Theodore H. White's *Fire in the Ashes.*

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 9, NO. 9 **NOVEMBER 24, 1953**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

The Democrats' Role

WHICH IS THE MAJORITY PARTY?—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 11
WHERE ARE WE DEMOCRATS GOING? . . . . . *Senator Lister Hill* 12
HOW TO WIN BATTLES AND INFLUENCE VOTERS . . *James MacGregor Burns* 16
THE RELUCTANT CANDIDATE—AN INSIDE STORY . *J. M. Arvey, John Madigan* 19

At Home & Abroad

GUIANA: TROUBLE, TROOPS, AND 'THAT WISP OF A GIRL' . . . *Daniel James* 27
PANMUNJOM, OCTOBER . . . . . *Patrick O'Donovan* 31
JAPANESE LABOR UNIONISM: HYBRID PLANT IN STRANGE SOIL . . . . . *Ruth Barrett* 33
INVESTIGATING THE FOUNDATIONS . . . . . *Helen Hill Miller* 37

Views & Reviews

Channels: TWO AMERICAN WOMEN . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 41
AMERICA'S NOT SO DUBIOUS BATTLE . . . . . *Henry Steele Commager* 42
SOUVENIRS FOUND IN A TRAVELER'S ATTIC . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 48

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Out of the Dark, a Red Grenade

IT WAS AN APRIL NIGHT and the Marines, near Panmunjom, were under heavy attack. In one of E Company's machine gun emplacements, Corporal Duane Dewey and his assistant gunner lay on the ground, wounded. A Navy Medical corpsman was giving them aid.

Out of the darkness, and into the group, lobbed a live Red grenade. Although he was already seriously wounded, and in intense pain, Corporal Dewey pulled the aid man to the ground, shouted a warning to the other Marine and threw himself over the missile.

"I've got it in my hip pocket, Doc!" he yelled. Then it exploded. By smothering the blast with his own body, Corporal Dewey had saved his comrades' lives.

"Now that I'm back in civilian life," says Corporal Dewey, "I sometimes hear people talk as though stopping Communism is a job only for our armed forces and the government. Believe me, it's a job for you and me, too. And one way we can both do that job is to make our country stronger by *making our own families more secure*—through saving and investing in United States Defense Bonds. Bonds are real protection—for my money!"

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MAX ASCOLI

Which Is the Majority Party?

WELL BEFORE Vice-President Richard Nixon and Speaker Joseph Martin call to order the second session of the Eighty-third Congress, the two parties have taken up combat positions. For a few days, there had been the prospect of a partisan armistice, when Mr. Eisenhower had proclaimed that he, as "President of all the people," was not going to campaign for Republican candidates but rather would set up an "umbrella" under which they might seek protection. Earlier, in Kansas City on October 15, the President had gone so far as to say: "I look upon the formulation of a sound farm policy as a bipartisan undertaking."

A few days later it was made known, as W. H. Lawrence reported to the New York *Times,* "that he [the President] favored the election of every Republican over every Democrat for every office any place." He was apparently willing to let any and all Republican candidates be photographed with him, if they did not think it would hurt their chances. The President has abjured bipartisan or suprapartisan deviationism and insisted on playing his role as titular leader of the G.O.P.—a leadership unlikely to be more effective than the one exerted by Mr. Stevenson over the Democratic Party.

In the period of one week the President's position had undergone quite a change. During that same week, newspapers paid special attention to a Gallup Poll indicating a ten-per cent drop in his popularity. Polls are a controversial matter, but there is little controversy about the fact that the President has given new evidence of indecisiveness. The more the President's policies and mass appeal are clouded by uncertainty, the more forcibly we are reminded that—minus the Eisenhower vote—the popular verdict in the last election was indecisive.

In the balloting for the House, the two parties showed about "co-equal" strength. Two years earlier, in the House elections, the Democratic candidates had received 19,785,122 votes, the Republicans 19,750,393. These two consultations of the people's will seemed characterized by the same almost fifty-fifty alignment that has marred the recent elections in the major western democracies—with the distinct exception of Germany.

Perhaps those who thought, after the Eisenhower victory, that the Democratic Party had lost the farmers, the New Deal-reared middle class, and suburbia were unduly hasty. The last two House elections, one with a lower, the other with a higher percentage of voters, one an off-year contest, the other with a Presidential candidate of winning appeal, show that the parties have remained just about even—or stuck.

There is, however, a considerable difference in the way the two parties behave in the halls of Congress. Among the Republicans too many are unable to outgrow the habit of opposing the Administration—even now that it is their own; while almost all the Democrats in Congress show they have lost the exercise but not the sense of power. The Democratic Party cannot oppose for opposition's sake; no longer responsible for the conduct of the Administration, it yet cannot unburden itself of a knowledge of government acquired during the last twenty years.

In the coming session the Democrats will hit much harder at an Administration which, when an election comes near, goes at once into an anti-Democratic crusade. The "President of all the people" cannot count on Democratic support whenever measures he cares for most are snagged by factional conflicts within his own party. It doesn't take much gift of prophecy to foresee that in the next session of Congress the Administration will have to fight a two-front war, and will not have much success with its legislative measures.

At present we have no majority party. The one which is majority-minded cannot rule, while the other, which should rule, is paralyzed by internal dissension. Actually these dissensions make the Administration the American equivalent of a European minority Government.

THE TWO-PARTY system, presumably of the type we presently are enjoying, is the object of ritual praise on the part of the President, his Republican predecessor, Mr. Hoover, and many other national dignitaries. Recently, in a televised speech to young people, Mr. Hoover said, "If there are many political parties, as there are in most of the free countries on the continent of Europe, the choice of the Prime Minister and the Cabinet are the result of compromises between parties, and policies which lead to negative action and inability of the people to express themselves on the issues of the day. It all results in lack of continuity and instability in government." It did not occur to Mr. Hoover that factional strife within the majority party, plus the indecisiveness of the Chief Executive, have brought about in our country a similar situation—the major difference, of course, being that in our system as it works now "negative action" and "instability in government" are stabilized for a period of four years.

We do not think that this state of affairs, alarming as it may be, is hopeless; neither do we think that it can be much improved by radical reforms in the structure of our political parties. In subsequent issues, we shall continue the analysis of the present political deadlock, and shall present our conclusions.

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Where Are We Democrats Going?

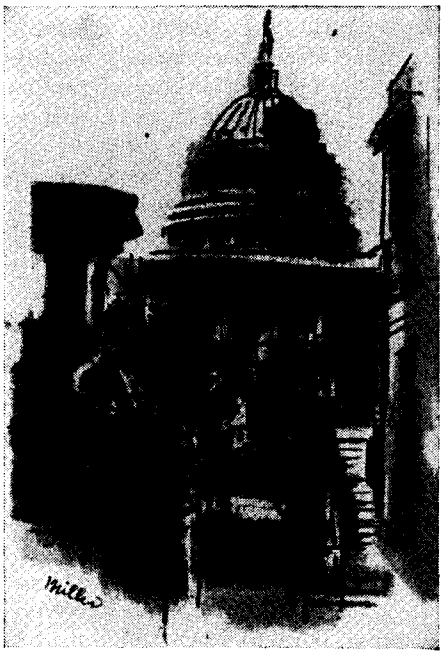
SENATOR LISTER HILL

A WISE OLD FRIEND of mine once gave a new twist to Lord Acton's famous maxim. "Power corrupts," he said, "but for a political party, being *out* of power seems to corrupt absolutely." He had in mind, of course, the twenty years of wandering in the wilderness that our Republican brethren endured without noticeable exaltation of ideals or purification of spirit. As we Democrats contemplate the ways and means of seeking our own salvation—i.e., a return to office—I would not want it to be argued, as noted columnists and commentators argued in the case of the Republicans last year, that the Democrats should be elected in order to save the Democratic Party from itself.

How, then, should we advance our cause, be true to our ideals, and avoid the ravages of party fratricide? This is a question that does not lend itself to easy or specific answers. One useful line of inquiry lies with our party representatives in Congress, who are, after all, the most vocal spokesmen of party policy on a national level. The experience of this last session has pointed up several of the problems we face.

First and foremost, there is the problem of acquiring adequate information on which to plan our policies and base our arguments. This is the more difficult when the minority party is striving to present constructive alternatives rather than purely negative opposition. With the information sources of the executive branch of the government no longer freely at our disposal, there is a very real difficulty for the individual Member of Congress to get the facts that he needs. Without them, he is torn by the conflicting urges to be "agin'" or be quiet.

Last session I helped organize a weekly seminar open to Senate Democrats at which we called in experts to supply facts on the major issues that were facing us. I think the value of this sort of conference was amply demonstrated in the case of the so-called tidelands oil debate; Democrats who led the opposition to the



giveaway of our offshore oil lands were able to build a record that will keep the issues at stake from being soon forgotten.

A SECOND lesson we have had to learn the hard way was that when he gets in trouble a Republican President can be ready—even eager—to accept our assistance, but then equally ready to repudiate us without a word of gratitude. This was pointed up most clearly during the great fight over extension of the excess-profits tax. Even as we were beseeched to rally behind the President in place of Republican Members of Congress, he went on the air to tell the people that it was all the fault of the Democrats for leaving him with a large C.O.D. debt for current expenditures. (In this oversimplified presentation, the President neglected to add that Congress had appropriated money to cover the debt.) The pathetic circle came around all the way when Administration leaders appeared before Congress to argue that they would be able to cut defense spending with the help of those same C.O.D. purchases the Democrats had left them. When an Administration behaves this way, it is little wonder that the Opposition party feels an urge to become equally reckless.

The record also shows that the bitterest fights that took place in the first session of the Eighty-third Congress were between the new Administration and its own party members in Congress. On 23 out of 31 key issues Democratic votes enabled the Administration to overcome die-hard opposition from its own party members. Of this record I believe a constructive Opposition party can be proud.

I believe we can be equally proud of the number of times, not precisely calculable, when the opposition of the Democrats prevented the Administration from pursuing a foolish course. It was Democratic opposition, for example, that killed the first foreign-policy measure sent by the new Administration to Capitol Hill, the potentially disastrous "Liberation" resolution. In view of Secretary Dulles's recent speech to the United Nations, I wonder if even he is not thankful that the Democrats showed

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such good judgment. Likewise, Democrats prevented the new Administration from carrying through its preposterous attempt to pack the Tariff Commission with a seventh member who would be in a position to sabotage the liberal trade policies that President Eisenhower has said he espouses.

Asking the Right Questions

Not opposition for the sake of opposition but a consistent effort to hold the majority party accountable for its policies has been the role of the Democratic Party at its best this past year.

It was my junior colleague from Alabama, Senator John Sparkman, who led the debate last February to force Republican leaders to spell out the implications of President Eisenhower's order releasing the Seventh Fleet from patrol duties in the Strait of Formosa. Until this was done, zealous Republicans were issuing wild and dangerous "explanations" which might well have wrecked our foreign policy. Only later did we learn that the President had received a commitment from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to withhold any raids from Formosa for the present—indicating that in reality the so-called release order was only a dud.

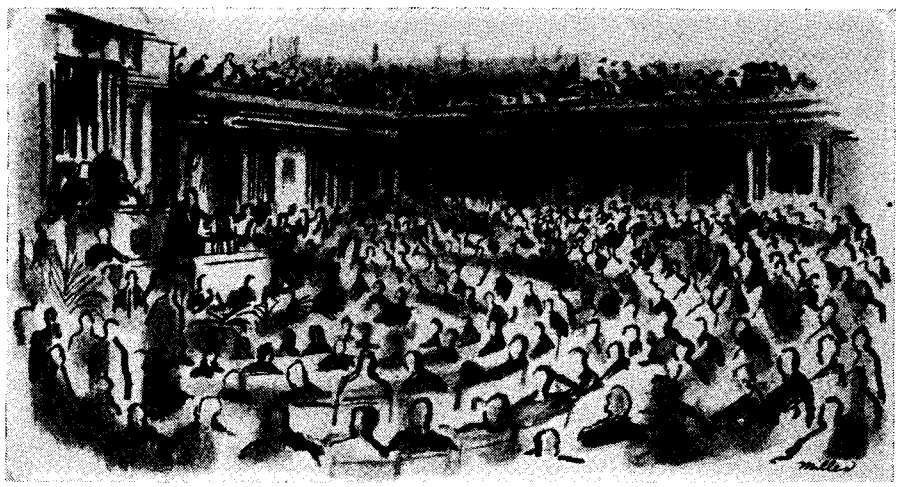
Similarly, we Democrats have sought to make certain that the Republicans strike a reasonable balance between America's international commitments and the nation's capacity to fulfill those commitments. We have tried, not altogether successfully, to make the Republicans explain how their vaunted "tougher" foreign policy can be backed up by reduced military expenditures. We were told that they could get more by spending less. As cutbacks in aircraft have been announced by the Defense Department during the period since Congress adjourned we have learned that it simply isn't so.

On DOMESTIC MATTERS, most Democratic Members of Congress have stood behind the President when he has acted to maintain the progressive policies of the past twenty years. At the same time, we have not been deceived when the Administration has sought to gut these programs while appearing to continue them. Programs do not operate without funds; nor do they operate very well in the hands of administrators who have declared their enmity for the very programs they have been selected to administer.

Seventy-two hours before the election last November, the Republican candidate issued a statement, broadcast throughout the Tennessee Valley, that if he was elected the TVA would be maintained at "maximum efficiency." Yet at a press conference last June President Eisenhower cited TVA as an example of the sort of "creeping socialism" that was luring industry away from the New England states.

I recently made a tour of the Valley and found that the people were shocked by the President's remarks. Out of 6,620 privately owned industries in the region that is supplied with power from TVA, only eight have moved there from elsewhere, not one from New England, and not one because of low power rates. Since the Second World War, the people of the Valley have spent one billion dollars outside that region for the purchase of electrical appliances. By 1956, this product of what the President calls "creeping socialism" will contribute approximately one-half of its electrical power to atomic-energy plants, and another twenty-five per cent to making aluminum for planes, calcium carbide for synthetic rubber, phosphorus for phosphorus bombs, and other products of incalculable value to our defense.

Not long ago, after Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee had explained some of these things to him, the President told reporters that he hadn't meant that "all" of the TVA was "creeping socialism." Perhaps, as someone remarked, he meant that it was only creeping on one knee! Dem-



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ocrats who understand what an immense contribution this valley development has already made to the wealth and the defense of the entire nation and to its tremendous potential must be on guard against such confusion about what is and is not creeping socialism.

IN THESE WAYS, the Democratic Party can perform a useful service as the Loyal Opposition without bankrupting our ideals or compromising our principles. While I agree that we were slow in getting our opposition started this last session—partly because the Republican majority crowded its entire program into the last sixty days—I would disagree with Mr. Lewis Dexter's argument (*The Reporter*, October 27, 1953) that we should model ourselves on the late Senator Taft's career of opposition. Certainly on some domestic programs he contributed a positive approach that belied his wide reputation as the great opposition. But this reputation is not one we should seek to acquire. After all, he was defeated three times when he sought the Republican nomination for President.

But what more must we do to prepare for a Democratic return to power? Is it enough simply to play the constructive critic and wait for a popular reaction against the confusions that enshroud Republican policymakers?

Certainly the dilemma posed by these questions is a tough one. For one thing, we have learned the bitter lesson that without a Democratic President in the White House, Democratic voices can be pretty largely ignored by the great communications media. Some philosophers speculate that when a tree falls deep in a forest there is only silence unless an eardrum is around to pick up the vibrations and send them to the brain as what we call sound. Just so, a great many giant trees may fall on American soil without notice because the vibrations are not carried to the people. A paramount job for

the Democrats is to find ways of getting across the real news.

How Not to Do It

I have certain strong feelings about what Democrats should not do in order to get back in power. One course of action sometimes advocated is that we should attempt to ride the coattails of President Eisenhower's personal popularity. It has been said that we ought to base our main appeal to the people during the 1954 Congressional elections on the argument that we are stronger supporters of the President than his own Republicans in Congress. I believe this would be both bad policy and bad politics. President Eisenhower, long a political neutralist, made his choice when he openly sought the Republican nomination. Since then, he has consistently demonstrated that he prefers the company of the ultraconservative representatives of the big-money interests. For him the much-touted "middle of the road" really means being "on the fence," rather than making a conscientious effort to carry out a moderate and balanced set of objectives. We Democrats in Congress should support him when he takes actions of which we approve. But it would be deceitful to pretend that we have somehow brought Eisenhower into the Democratic fold.

A SECOND course which has found some advocacy of late holds that we must devise an elaborate "blueprint of progress" which Democrats can hold up for all Americans to view. It is argued that perhaps the Republicans will not so undermine past Democratic achievements that the country will suffer a disastrous economic effect; that the only thing for Democrats to do is point to the greater heights of prosperity that might be achieved but for Republican shortsightedness.

I respectfully disagree with this position too. Democratic principles and policies do not require that we must always be pulling some new rabbit out of the hat. If I am a sensitive judge of public opinion, I believe that the average man at the present time is in favor of holding the gains he has made and of making new advances in such fields as social security, health, and education. He wants to see the wise conservation and development of our natural resources. But he isn't looking for any great new designs on the domestic front. It has always been a healthy characteristic of the American people to show a certain skepticism about grand blueprints for the future. We prefer to build stone on stone.

Another difficulty with this course of action is that the Democratic

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Party, except in its national Conventions, lacks the apparatus for drafting such a blueprint. And even after a Convention, we leave to our chosen candidate wide freedom to interpret the policies and programs of the party. There is wisdom in such a course as this. It reconciles the need for both unity and diversity in the broad structure of the Democratic Party.

By no means do I intend to absolve party leaders from the task of formulating and articulating policies and programs that will capture the imaginations of the American people. The people today are hungry for fresh thinking, bold planning, and inspired action to avert the terrible threat of international catastrophe that hangs over us. The absence of such leadership in the new Republican Administration has been their gravest disappointment in that Administration.

THIS LEADS me to still a third course of action with which I roundly disagree. Harmony within the party, it is said, should be the goal we must now seek above all else. There are some who are fearful over the slightest controversy lest it show that we are weak and divided. I would remind these people that only a dead political party can be free from controversy. A living Democratic Party must ever be subject to the minor discords that indicate growth and health.

If we act wisely and not impulsively, if our party leaders speak boldly and with vision, I do not worry about our party's future. With each passing month the American people are coming to realize better the fraudulence of the charges brought against us by the Republicans.

For example, they have charged us with stifling private enterprise by regimentation; yet a recent nonpartisan study sponsored by the Brookings Institution revealed that "unregulated private production areas accounted for slightly over 81% of economic activity in 1900; slightly under 80% in 1949." Somewhere in that less than two per cent change over the past half century lies the Republican excuse for these wild charges.

Of course, Republicans are sometimes compelled to accept reality. We are apt to forget that even Herbert Hoover, when President, made grudging efforts to deal with the disaster that had befallen America. But his efforts were uniformly too little and too late. He lacked the vision and the courage for timely action. As we watch Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson belatedly trying to assure the farmers that he favors some sort of action to stem the agri-

cultural crisis, we can but marvel at how little things have changed. It could be said, as was said of the old French Bourbons, that they have forgotten nothing and learned nothing.

We Cannot Abdicate

Only a year ago many people were freely predicting that the Republicans needed only to be put in office in order to measure up to their responsibility. Today we see that many Republicans in Congress have gone right on being the party of Opposition. The split in their ranks has widened rather than closed now that they have become the majority party in Congress.

One wonders if the President—observing all the wrangling and disunity—isn't a little worried when he recalls that in contrast to his 6,616,233 plurality, the total vote for Republican candidates for the House of Representatives was less by 249,407 than the vote for the Democrats. The special Congressional election in Wisconsin last month, when a Democratic candidate won for the first time in history, indicates that the popular mandate given Dwight D. Eisenhower last November belongs even less to the Republican Party today.

The fact is that the Democratic Party in Congress is extraordinarily close to power right now. During its holiday from power the Democratic Party has been accorded no holiday from responsibility. Our very closeness to power imposes unity on the major issues of the times—on peace or war, on survival. We cannot abdicate this great responsibility. The internal differences that beset our party while in office appear in retrospect as minor compared to the chasm now running through the Republican Party. Even in defeat the Democratic Party has demonstrated its maturity.

LORD BILSLAND of the Scottish Council has remarked, "The aircraft is a symbol of our times. If it stops, it falls out of the sky and is destroyed." There is a lesson in that for Democrats. We must fight the Republican efforts to reduce the efficiency of the pilot and throw overboard the intricate navigation instruments. We cannot join the gleeful efforts to sabotage the aircraft. Our job is to see that the plane stays aloft, looking toward the not distant day when the people decide it is time for a new pilot and a new crew.

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How to Win Battles And Influence Voters

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

PARTY POLITICS in America has a peculiar rhythm all its own. Unlike parties in Britain or on the Continent, the American party must win two quite different contests to seize power nationally. In the *Congressional* election, a series of local contests is conducted under a variety of local, ideological, and economic conditions. In the *Presidential* election, there is national fighting, aimed especially at securing the votes of the states that hold the balance of power in the electoral college.

An American party is like an army that in one campaign must conduct guerrilla warfare in hundreds of battles spread out through the hills and jungles, and next time has to win a concentrated battle with massed armor.

This is a simple fact, to be sure. But its implications are of cardinal importance, especially for the Opposition. The party in power has a set of national leaders – President, Cabinet members, and the like—who direct the party toward victory in the next Presidential election, plus a set of Congressional leaders who, operating through the Congressional campaign committees, try to protect their majorities.

Small Prizes vs. a Big One

The predicament of the Opposition is this: It has no national leaders empowered to guide it to Presidential victory. On the contrary, the party is run nationally by a coterie of Congressional chiefs—committee oldtimers – with their sights set on a series of local elections throughout the country. The defeated Presidential candidate in the last election, called the "titular" leader, is not even that. He has no authority, no position, not even a title.

The danger of party control by Congressional leaders is not simply that they may ignore the effort necessary to capture the Presidency. The trouble is that they may lead the party in such a way that Presidential victory is made less likely. For Congressional victories can be won at the expense of Presidential. Congressmen may back a set of national policies that are popular in many districts—especially in districts embracing small towns and rural areas —but highly unpopular in the great

urban and industrial sectors, which are frequently the main battleground in Presidential contests. And Congressional leaders may thwart action that is necessary to make the party a better-organized, better-led instrument for winning Presidential campaigns.

The party chieftains in Congress are not, of course, opposed to capturing the Presidency as such. What they fear is any major effort in the party that would prejudice their own chances of winning elections in their bailiwicks or jeopardize the influence of their own party factions.

The upshot of this situation is usually a policy of drift and opportunism. The Opposition does not offer a consistent, nationally oriented program on the basis of which a Presidential candidate can go to the nation. It offers a batch of complaints, catchwords, and regional and special-interest outcries—a grab bag of contradictory propositions that Congressional candidates anywhere in the country can draw from in taking potshots at their opponents. It adopts a policy of watchful waiting —waiting for the party in power to make a fatal mistake.

A policy of drift and opportunism does not win Presidential elections. The only exception in this century was the Republican victory in 1920. During the past half century the Democrats have won the Presidency (as against *keeping* it) twice. The first occasion was in 1912, when the Republicans split neatly in two. The second was in 1932, when the Republicans were burdened with blame for the great depression. Today there is little prospect of a formal Republican split at election time, in spite of the deep schism on foreign policy that embarrasses the Republicans the rest of the time. And even the most partisan Democrat might recoil at the thought of regaining power only as the result of another great depression.

The Roosevelt Venture

The Democrats would do well to remember a piece of almost forgotten party history. The time was late in 1924, in the wake of a disastrous de-

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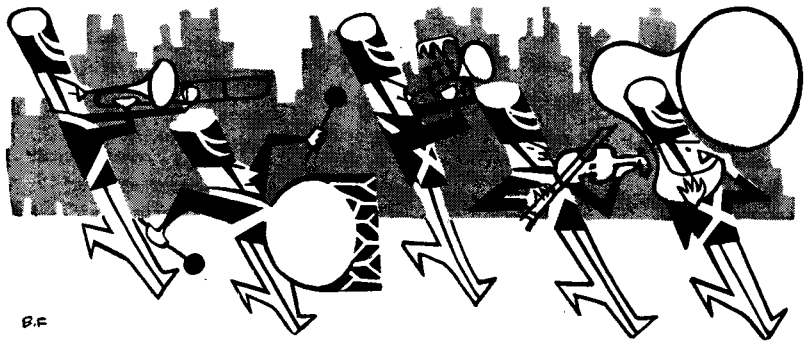
feat for the Democrats, who had failed utterly to capitalize on the Harding Administration's scandals. Franklin D. Roosevelt, physically crippled, defeated in his last two tries for public office, holding no position in the party, was appalled at the condition of the Democratic machine. He had seen its outworn

organization at its worst in his campaign for the Vice-Presidency in 1920. Conditions were even bleaker after the debacle of 1924. Democratic officials were out collecting money from millionaires to pay the party's bills. The national headquarters consisted of two women in a Washington office. "Could anything be more of a farce?" Roosevelt exploded to a friend.

He decided on a bold plan of reform. Neatly bypassing the national committee, he wrote directly to over a thousand rank-and-file Democrats outlining ways of rejuvenating the party. He wanted a national party conference that would set over-all policy and establish an active, full-time national headquarters. He wanted a finance program that would collect five dollars each from tens of thousands of Democrats rather than large gifts from a few fat cats. He wanted a hard-hitting publicity program. Above all, he wanted a liberal party that could rise above its conservative elements, local pressures, and sectional biases.

His queries struck a responsive chord in the party. The recurrent theme in the several hundred replies to his letter was the need for more unity, improved organization, better leadership, more discipline. Armed with these opinions from the rank and file and with the backing of John W. Davis, James M. Cox, Josephus Daniels, Cordell Hull, and other leaders, Roosevelt asked the national chairman to call a conference of about 150 Democrats as the first step in a plan of action.

THE EFFORT was a complete failure. It simply ran head on into the opposition of key Democrats in Congress. They were interested only in the Congressional elections of 1926. Louis Howe, with his usual political insight, put his finger on the problem. "Your political leader in Washington," he wrote to Davis, "is almost invariably a Congressman or Senator, over whose head hangs the dread of becoming involved in something which will prejudice his chance of re-election in his own



home district and his inclination is always not to do any positive thing unless driven to it by some purely local situation at home."

So the Democrats did nothing. No conference was called. National party activities were further curtailed. Jesse Jones kept on raising money from millionaires. The party won a few more House and Senate seats in 1926. But two years later its Presidential candidate was badly defeated once again. The fact that President Roosevelt in the 1930's failed to make most of the reforms he had urged in the 1920's is an interesting aspect of Roosevelt's development as a politician.

What about the Republicans' experience in opposition? They, like the Democrats, have regained the Presidency twice in this century. The first of these—Harding's victory in 1920—must be considered a victory for opportunism under the guidance of the Republican oligarchy in the Senate. Chosen by a coterie of Senatorial leaders and state bosses, Harding took all sides of the League of Nations issue. He conducted a vapid front-porch campaign that fitted in perfectly with the wishes of Senators Smoot, Lodge, Watson, and the rest. And he won.

More recently, however, a policy of opportunistic opposition has not worked for the Republicans. Indeed, the cabal of Congressional leaders and their record in office have been a burden too heavy for the G.O.P. Presidential nominee to bear.

Take the experience of 1940. The Republican Convention brushed aside Robert A. Taft and Arthur Vandenberg and Joseph W. Martin and nominated Wendell L .Willkie. But Roosevelt did not let the G.O.P. off the hook so easily. He campaigned not against Willkie but—unforgettably—against "Martin, Barton, and Fish." It was significant that while Willkie lost, Taft, Martin, and Vandenberg went on to victory after victory in their state or local contests in 1940 and afterward.

Or consider what happened in 1948. President Harry S. Truman campaigned less against Dewey—whose record in New York was not easily assailable—than against the famous Eightieth Congress. This was the Congress that the Republicans controlled after their Congressional victories in 1946. In past years a Congressional midterm victory was often the prelude to Presidential victory two years later. Why not in 1948? Was not Mr. Truman's unexpected

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triumph testament, at least in part, to the power of the Republican Congressmen to load their party down with handicaps on Capitol Hill?

What a party really wants to do, of course, is win both the Presidency and Congress. A good case can be made for the proposition that if the party takes the Presidency it will win Congress as well, but not vice versa. The Presidential candidate who mobilizes the country behind his program is likely to sweep his party's Congressional candidates in.

While recent studies have shown that coattail riding is a complex process—actually every candidate has his hands on a lot of other coattails—Mr. Roosevelt in 1936 and General Eisenhower in 1952 have shown the impact of a strong Presidential candidate on Congressional contests.

HARD party experience indicates, then, that the Opposition must win two different types of election to get a firm grip on power, and that winning the Presidential one may be basic to winning the Congressional. It indicates that the party's leadership in Congress can badly handicap its effort to regain the Presidency. It indicates that the Opposition must somehow find national leadership outside Congress that can organize the party's program and summon the party's energies for a great national effort.

The Virtue of Consistency

Ultimately the issue is not simply how to *oppose*. It is one of governing. And the two are closely related, for winning power demagogically means governing demagogically.

For the "outs" to take inconsistent positions, bombarding the "ins" from all points in the political spectrum, may be good tactics, yielding short-term results. But in a day when governmental action in most fields is highly interrelated, when defense policy and farm policy and fiscal policy and resources policy all influence one another, leaders must offer programs that have consistency and coherence.

Opposition for the sake of opposition—or for the sake of local advantage in a Congressional district—also has grave implications abroad. The chancellories of nations whose defenses and economies are solidly tied in with ours must heed the Opposition's declarations almost as closely as the Administration's. Thirty years ago the British could afford to ignore Big Bill Thompson of Chicago when he threatened to "punch King George in the snoot." But when the Democratic majority leader in the Senate says he favors the Bricker resolution to chop down the President's treaty-making powers, he becomes one more element of doubt and uncertainty in the calculations of Foreign Ministers.

The Democrats' Course

The practical implications of all this for the Opposition today are fourfold:

1. *The Democrats could win in 1954 at the expense of winning in 1956.* Opportunistic potshooting at the Republicans from all directions may pay off in next year's Congressional

elections. But it may weaken the party's national effort in the next Presidential campaign. Democratic Congressmen may gain votes by showing how they have saved President Eisenhower from his own party. But where does this leave the Democratic nominee who may have to face this same Eisenhower in 1956?

2. *Win or lose in 1954, the Democrats must thereafter find some way of choosing a national leader early.* The job of winning the Presidency should be tackled a couple of years before the election; the normal three or four months is not enough. As soon as possible after the Congressional elections, the Democrats should hold the kind of conference that Roosevelt wanted to call thirty years ago. At such a conference, a party program could be shaped; and the party would either accept Adlai E. Stevenson as its leader or establish machinery to choose a new "Leader of the Opposition"—who might or might not become the party's nominee for President in 1956.

3. *The Democratic Opposition must be consistent and responsible.* It must oppose in the manner of a party that expects to govern, and to govern well. Much of the case for some kind of party conference is that it would produce a party program for all to see, a program that offered a clear set of alternatives to the policies of the present Administration.

4. *The national party should give more help to Congressional candidates.* This is especially important in areas where the national party program has only marginal appeal. The worst problem of campaigning today is money. Better financing of Congressional campaigns from national headquarters would enable the candidates to take the risk of hewing more closely to the national party program. Moreover, the national leadership should concentrate more on building up the local Democratic parties. The writer can testify as a local Democratic chairman that communication between national headquarters and the field has been almost nil.

THE RHYTHM of American politics is not just an academic matter to the Republicans, either. After all, they may be the Opposition again before long. But even now they are finding that the difficulties of governing stem from the manner in which they campaigned in opposition.

If the problem of the Democrats is to find national leadership, the task of the Republicans is to convert the personal popularity of President Eisenhower into party strength at the polls. Without leadership from the White House, control of the party will shift increasingly into the hands of the Jenners and the Brickers. These Congressional chieftains were an embarrassment to the party in 1952 and might sink it in 1956.

Republicans and Democrats alike have to work within a system of alternating Congressional and Presidential elections. There is no substitute for strong national leadership in a party, whether it is trying to win a Presidential election or to run an Administration once it wins.

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The Reluctant Candidate—An Inside Story

J. M. ARVEY, as told to JOHN MADIGAN

It was about 12:45 A.M. last November 5 when Governor Adlai Stevenson walked into the packed ballroom on the second floor of the Leland Hotel in Springfield, Illinois. His face was set in a forced smile. He tugged nervously at his breast-pocket handkerchief—a gesture that television viewers had seen frequently throughout the campaign.

The nation's TV cameras were on him again. It was his last appearance as the Democratic Party's 1952 nominee for President. He looked as if he wanted to get it over with quickly. And he did. The concession speech was brief and the pledge to support General Eisenhower was sincere.

Now, more than a year later, Adlai Stevenson is almost as much a part of our national political pattern as he would have been if he were elected, and it is evident that he is not going to be able to chart his own future. In 1952 he had only to battle against the wishes of those who had high hopes that he would prove a good candidate. In 1956 Adlai will have to deal with millions who feel they know him and that he understands what they need and want.

Whether this means that convention delegates will again nominate him I cannot say. Neither can he. There will be strong opposition on the convention floor, but can any opposition be more difficult to overcome than the handicap of his own reluctance in 1952?

How Did It Start?

I don't think anyone really knows who was the first to suggest Adlai Stevenson for national office. Any Governor is a potential candidate. In his case there was far more potential than the mere fact of his having been chief executive of the nation's fourth most populous state: a rich ancestral background in government, a fine record of public service in national and international affairs, a fine record as Governor, and renown as a speaker and writer.

Back in August, 1951, the rumor started that Governor Stevenson would be a candidate to succeed

Vice-President Alben Barkley. The Governor, despite our urgings, had not yet announced whether he would even be a candidate for re-election. He remained silent throughout the year—a circumstance which was later presented by his political enemies as evidence that he was angling all the time for the national ticket. There wasn't a grain of truth in such charges. He told me one night in November, a year before the election: "I've been happy as Governor, and there is so much still to be done in Illinois—but I don't know whether I want to run."

The war had interrupted his law career. He felt he would like to return to it. He had always thought he would enjoy teaching, but had never found occasion to attempt it. He had loved international politics—particularly in the role of one who took part in important events and yet was out of the glare of the spotlight.

He wasn't certain of his own course, but he saw some of the political signs of the future before many a professional saw them. He warned that political leaders at all levels had better get the best candidates available if they wanted to survive. He was a good prophet then and a better one a couple of months later during the preconvention battles between backers of Senator Taft and General Eisenhower.

Stevenson and some friends were sitting in my Chicago apartment early in 1952 when he told us:

"It would be utterly stupid of the Republicans not to nominate Eisenhower. There is no one in our party who can beat him. This is a hero-worshiping country. And he doesn't have any scars to detract from his glamour."

By the turn of the year rumors connecting Stevenson with the national ticket had died down considerably. But it is significant to note that when they were still heard they spoke of the Governor in relation to the Presidency as well as the Vice-Presidency. This was no calculated switch. It was the first spontaneous sign of a genuine "draft."

Then, on January 7, 1952, Stevenson announced in Springfield that after "long and prayerful consideration" he had decided to run for re-election as Governor. He had withheld his announcement until slatemakers of our powerful Cook County Democratic organization had picked local candidates who he

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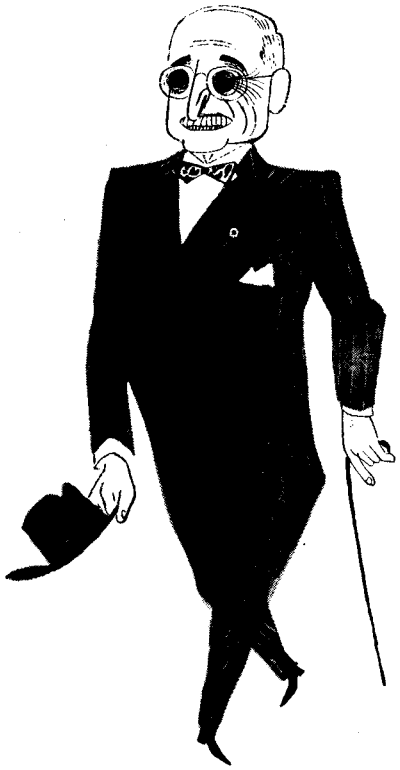

Truman

thought would not endanger his own race.

But newspapermen continued to pester him. One asked him what future happenings might take him out of the race for Governor. Stevenson replied:

"I suppose the only things that could take me out would be death, health, or higher office.

"As to death, only God knows the answer to that. I am in good health. As to higher office, I have no ambition except to be Governor of Illinois, where my family has lived 120 years. It is a big enough job for me—and then some."

I believed him then. I believe now that he was speaking sincerely.

The January Meeting

On January 15 Senator Kefauver of Tennessee visited Mr. Truman in an effort to sound him out on whether he would try to block Kefauver's aspiration for the Presidency in the event he, Mr. Truman, decided to step down.

Eight days later Governor Stevenson and President Truman conferred in Washington for more than an hour. I was in Miami Beach at the time, and talked with Governor Stevenson on the telephone a few hours before his meeting with the President. The Governor had no idea Mr. Truman would discuss the Presidency as well as the planned topic of mine-safety legislation in the wake of the explosion near West Frankfort, Illinois, which had killed 119 men a few weeks earlier.

The story of the conference broke the next morning while I was playing golf. By the time I got into the clubhouse in Miami there had been half a dozen telephone calls from all over the country—Democratic leaders wanting to know what was up.

THERE WASN'T anything I could tell them. I left for Washington the next day at about the same time that Stevenson was flying from the capital back to Springfield. I made no effort to contact the Governor. He made no effort to get in touch with me. There was no need.

Stevenson and I had discussed the question in detail before I left for Miami. He had told me:

"Jack, I did long battle with myself to decide to run for re-election as Governor. I gave in only because there are so many things we've started in Illinois I want to see finished. I don't think I'm indispensable, but I would be a quitter if I walked out.

"Now, having made that decision, I'm not going back on my word.

"I will do absolutely nothing to try and get on the national ticket either for President or Vice-President. And I want you to promise you won't do anything. . . ."

Kefauver Announces

A few hours after the Truman-Stevenson meeting was made public, Senator Kefauver announced his candidacy. His backers had already begun to enter his name in various Presidential preference primaries, including that in Illinois scheduled for April 8.

Contrary to popular belief, I found no immediate wild demand for Stevenson at the head of the ticket. The general feeling among party leaders was that if Mr. Truman decided not to run, Vice-President Barkley should and would get the nomination. Despite his age he was in good physical shape and could be depended on to put on a good campaign.

But I knew that if there was some way I could make Democrats throughout the country aware of Stevenson's superb qualities, the party would turn to him the moment the President bowed out. And although he had never told me so, I felt certain that the Governor would consent to be our nominee if there was an overwhelming and spontaneous demand that he make the race.

I was certain of one thing even then—his ultimate availability. I remembered vividly his arguments as Governor to induce public-spirited men who had never been in political or government service to accept important posts in his Cabinet. His ancestry, his environment and his convictions about public service gave evidence that he couldn't refuse a call to higher public service.

BUT IF he was to have any chance of becoming the nominee and being elected, I would have to stay in the background. I knew if my name and that of the Democratic organization

Kefauver

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in Chicago were linked with the Governor's, he would have no chance for the nomination, much less election. There would have been no justification for such an attitude, but Stevenson could not win if the label "machine candidate" was placed on him.

Mr. Truman's Surprise

The first Stevenson - for - President committee was formed in Chicago in February. The same month an unofficial Stevenson-for-President headquarters was opened in Washington. Stevenson, of course, discouraged such activity.

It was in February, too, that President Truman gave the Governor a public nudge toward the nomination at a weekly press conference. Asked what he thought of Stevenson as Presidential timber, Truman replied that Stevenson was a very able person, one of the best Governors Illinois ever had, and added that this was one of the best recommendations a man could have for the Presidency.

I was in touch with Stevenson constantly that spring. He declined to let his name be entered in Presidential preference primaries, the first of which was held March 11 in New Hampshire. Kefauver had been entered there alone until shortly before the filing deadline, when President Truman permitted his name to be entered. This was done in response to the tearful pleas of New Hampshire state leaders, and over the objections of National Chairman Frank McKinney. When Kefauver beat the President in that contest there were new rumors that Truman could not win if he sought re-election and that Stevenson was his logical successor.

Then came the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Washington, March 29. There were two speakers' tables, with the President eating at the south table and speaking at the north table. National Chairman Frank E. McKinney was taking no chances of hurting any candidate's feelings! I doubt that any of us but McKinney knew what Mr. Truman was going to say that night. The President's announcement that he would not run again and that he would not accept nomination was written in his own hand near the end of the prepared copy of his address.

The reaction to Mr. Truman's announcement was one of the most amazing things I have seen in my many years in politics. It seemed that everyone in the ballroom rushed over to Governor Stevenson. Photographers literally knocked each other down to get pictures of him. Reporters crowded around to ask if he would be a candidate. Party leaders from all over the country pumped his hand. The Governor seemed to be enjoying it, but he still refused to change his stand.

Stevenson and I finally were able to fight our way out of the ballroom and head for our hotel rooms. The Governor said to me: "Jack, I'm going to take myself out of the race. My God, did you see what happened?"

I replied: "Governor, you can't. You don't have any right to say you wouldn't accept a nomination."

He just shook his head in bewilderment.

Stevenson didn't get to bed until 3 A.M. He was besieged by people trying to pressure him into declaring his candidacy. There was a steady stream pouring into my room. I received telephone calls from all over the country. The callers believed I knew more than I admitted concerning Stevenson's plans. The truth of the matter was that the public was completely informed. Governor Stevenson did not want to run for the Presidency. However, he had never said he would not accept the nomination. That was why I didn't want him, under the pressure of the moment, to say something after the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner which would throw a roadblock in front of the draft which was beginning to roll.

The next day, Sunday, Stevenson appeared on the "Meet the Press" TV show out of Washington. He was magnificent, and after the program the telephone calls began to pour in to me again. They can best be summed up in the words of Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh. He was in the hospital in his home city. His first words were: "I heard Stevenson on 'Meet the Press.' There's our man."

Some of Kefauver's people—and later the Republicans—charged during the campaign that Stevenson was a candidate of "the political bosses." Of course he received the support of the so-called "political bosses"—a term with an unfair connotation. Is it unusual for men who are elected to positions of leadership in a party to get behind the candidate who, in their opinion, has the greatest vote appeal and who can sell the party's principles to the voters? If these so-

India Edwards and Frank McKinney

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Russell

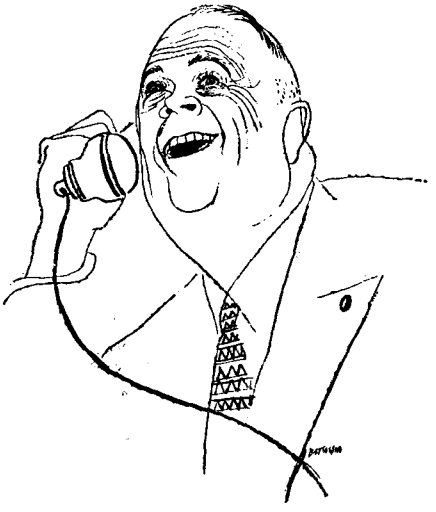
called bosses had not supported Stevenson, the cry would have been that he could not rally behind him the leaders of his own party. In this connection it might be of interest to mention that some of those men who cried often and bitterly about "bosses" being behind Stevenson did everything in their power to obtain the support of these same leaders for their candidacies.

The simple truth is that the leaders realized then—and some twenty-six million voters later agreed—that here was a man who could unify the Democratic Party and at the same time make a great President.

THAT SUNDAY afternoon Stevenson made me promise I would do everything in my power to stop a write-in campaign for him in the April 8 primary in Illinois. Senator Kefauver was the lone entry. I agreed without even an argument. The Governor wasn't being coy. Nor was he afraid of Kefauver. He held the Tennessee Senator in high regard. I believe Stevenson never would have agreed to be our nominee if he thought Kefauver could have united our party. Until the very end, Stevenson kept asking me: "Isn't there someone the Democrats can agree on?"

Stevenson was leaving the door open, at least, by not following President Truman's example. But we party leaders faced a different problem, as did labor and farm leaders. Practical politics made necessary some definite sign from Stevenson before they committed themselves. They hoped I could produce such a sign. I was not very confident that I could.

On April 16 Governor Stevenson made his last major effort to show the nation he was not seeking the nomination, that his reluctance was not a staged attitude. This was when he said, "I could not accept the nomination for any other office this summer." His effort failed. The use of the words "could not" rather than "would not" was interpreted universally as making him available for draft. I had discussed the statement



Kerr

with the Governor by telephone from Miami the night before it was released. When it was, I told reporters it made me unhappy. It really did. But it hadn't closed the door tightly.

The following night the door was kicked violently open at a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria staged by New York Democrats for their own Presidential aspirant, W. Averell Harriman, director of the Mutual Security Agency. It was being staged by Paul Fitzpatrick, New York national chairman.

About ten days before the dinner Fitzpatrick telephoned me. He had heard Stevenson had decided not to attend and sit at a speakers' table star-studded with all the candidates for nomination. He was greatly disturbed. Not that he was a Stevenson backer. But all the avowed candidates were going to be there, and he wanted the reluctant one on hand to add to the setting.

I telephoned Stevenson. He said: "I'm not a candidate. All the others are. If I go and sit at the speakers' table and make a speech, everyone will think I am a fraud."

I pleaded with him, insisting again as I had before that he couldn't take himself out of public life simply because his name had been mentioned in connection with the Presidency. Our conversation ended without his giving me a definite answer. A few nights later he telephoned me in Miami and said: "Jack, I'm not going to go to the Harriman dinner unless you do. I want to leave no doubt that we are going solely to pay our respects to Harriman."

I agreed. I flew to the dinner without returning to Chicago. As a result I was the only one there not in a dinner jacket.

The Harriman dinner turned into a Stevenson dinner. There was polite applause when the others spoke. But Stevenson received a roaring reception. The dinner was carried nationwide on TV and radio. It was the beginning of the Governor's national

Farley

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Lehman

fame as a speech writer and orator.

For the next week or so I did my utmost to draw the Governor into the race. Then I gave up. Meanwhile, he was traveling to various parts of the country keeping speaking engagements which had been arranged long before his name was dropped into the nomination picture. He declined new invitations to speak in these early phases of the draft movement.

At our state convention in Illinois in May we wanted to adopt a strong resolution backing Stevenson for the Presidency. He wouldn't stand for it. We finally presented one that was deliberately vague, going no further than to term him "ideally qualified." Despite these careful precautions, West Coast newspapers carried stories saying we had endorsed him. Stevenson was on the West Coast at the time. He saw the stories and got mad at me. I had a difficult time explaining what had happened.

The Convention Opens

Talk began developing about this time that Stevenson might be picked as keynoter of the Convention. Chairman McKinney was opposed to it because he didn't want to give any candidate an advantage. Supporters of other hopefuls were against it for fear such selection might find Stevenson stampeding the Convention. Stevenson was unalterably opposed because he didn't want to leave the impression he was seeking the nomination. I was against the idea, too, but for different reasons.

You see, "Stop Stevenson" factions were beginning to spring up. As a keynoter Stevenson would make himself a bigger target. Instead, I preferred to have him address the Convention as the host Governor.

The Sunday before the Convention opened, the Illinois delegation caucused behind closed doors in the Morrison Hotel. Some of our more eager local leaders made speeches insisting that Governor Stevenson should declare himself a candidate. I was afraid such tactics would force the Governor to issue a flat, unretractable statement taking himself out of the race. Finally, in the heat of the caucus and in order to forestall any statements from Stevenson, I took the floor and said, in substance:

"Governor, I, for one, will respect your wishes not to place your name in nomination and not to do anything in your behalf. But I don't think you have the right to ask us not to vote for you if your name is placed in nomination."

That night Stevenson and I spent about an hour in his Chicago office. He told me: "I'm going to issue a statement taking myself out of this damn thing. You're making me look silly. All these statements from Cook County and Illinois people that I'm the only man for the nomination! How can anybody believe I'm sincere?"

I begged him to hold off until I had a chance to talk with Joe Gill, our Cook County chairman. I did talk to Gill, and told him of the Governor's fears. Gill shook his head:

"Stevenson can't stop these fellows. Nobody can."

Next day the Convention opened at the sprawling International Amphitheater, and Stevenson took the center of the stage as the host Governor to give the welcoming address. The very sight of him sent the Convention crashing into wild applause.

National Chairman McKinney disappeared from the rostrum. It was almost ten minutes before the applause subsided and Stevenson had a chance to speak. The speech, of course, was in the pattern that the world was to come to know and admire in the next few months. When it ended there came another demonstration. The Governor fled the stage. He took his seat alongside me in the Illinois delegation. I told him: "You had better get out of here. It doesn't look good for a candidate to be here."

Stevenson was reluctant to believe that the ovation was spontaneous and sincere. I had a time proving it. When I succeeded, he remarked it was all "very flattering" and left the hall.

THE NEXT DAY I was the one forced, by circumstances which might have been similarly misunderstood, to leave the hall. From the moment the Convention opened the floor was abuzz with Stevenson rumors. Delegates from throughout the country wandered over to the Illinois section to ask me, "What's doing?" I could give them no encouragement.

Much of this was being carried over television. And Stevenson was watching. He telephoned me. "Jack, what are you doing?" he asked. "I'm not blaming you personally, but it appears you are trying to steam-roller the Convention. The cameras keep

Douglas

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showing you talking to people. It may leave the impression you are trying to set up a phony draft."

'Better Start Writing'

So from then on I stayed off the floor and worked out of Chairman McKinney's office backstage. This was the day that Governor Schricker of Indiana told newsmen he would definitely put Stevenson's name in nomination regardless of whether the Governor stayed reluctant. It was the day, too, that leaders in our Illinois delegation began warning me that we would "look silly" not to vote for our Governor on the first ballot. Up until then, it had been decided Illinois would pass the first time around.

On Wednesday, the third day of the Convention, I telephoned Stevenson at the home of his administrative aid, William McCormick Blair. I told him: "Governor, you're going to be nominated. There's too much squabbling between the liberal wing and the South for any chance of Senator Kefauver, Senator Russell, or anyone else getting it. You had better start writing an acceptance speech.

"And I want you to do something for me. You've got to tell me you will accept if you get the nomination." He refused and reverted to his old tack that he was a candidate for re-election as Governor and nothing more.

That was the day Missouri jumped on the bandwagon. This was extremely significant. In its delegation sat Tom Gavin, the Kansas City businessman who was Mr. Truman's alternate. His instructions from the President that he vote for Mr. Barkley had become obsolete since the Vice-President's withdrawal.

It was on the fourth day that the Stevenson forces won the first major vote of the Convention. Cook County Chairman Joe Gill and I were having dinner in the Stockyards Inn when one of our ward committeemen came running over to tell us an important roll-call vote was under way on the seating of Virginia, one of the three Southern states which had been barred from voting because their delegates had refused to sign the "loyalty oath."

Gill and I hurried back to the hall. Illinois had already been recorded 45-15 against seating of Virginia. It suddenly dawned on us what was happening. The strategy of the Kefauver backers and the Northern liberal bloc was to try and make impossible demands on the Southern delegates so that they would walk out of the Convention. If the total Convention vote was thus cut down by the walkout of delegates who would never vote for Kefauver, then the Tennessee Senator would have a better chance of winning the nomination.

Barkley

The Balloting Begins

Our Illinois delegation quickly huddled and then changed our vote to 52-8 in favor of seating Virginia. The eight opposed included Senator Douglas and other backers of Kefauver. Virginia was seated 615-529. The other dissident Southern states, South Carolina and Louisiana, then won seats on a voice vote.

Balloting began the next day. The Convention totaled 1,230 votes; 615½ were needed for nomination. At the end of the first ballot, Kefauver had 300½; Russell, 267½; Stevenson, 248½; Harriman, 126. (There were some switches which changed things slightly before the vote was recorded.)

I hurried to the Convention office backstage and telephoned Stevenson. At my side was Governor Dever of Massachusetts. He had been temporary chairman; he was the favorite-son candidate of Massachusetts and had 37½ votes on the first ballot. I told Stevenson: "Governor, all I want you to do is to tell Governor Dever that if you are nominated you will accept."

Stevenson asked:

"Are you sure the Convention can't agree on some other man?"

"If anyone else is nominated," I told him, "he'll split the party wide open."

"Put Governor Dever on the telephone," Stevenson said. I put Dever on the phone and Stevenson told him that he would accept. That was the beginning of the end.

The Fifth Night

The second roll call began at 4:16 P.M. on that fifth day of the Convention. That's when we really began to

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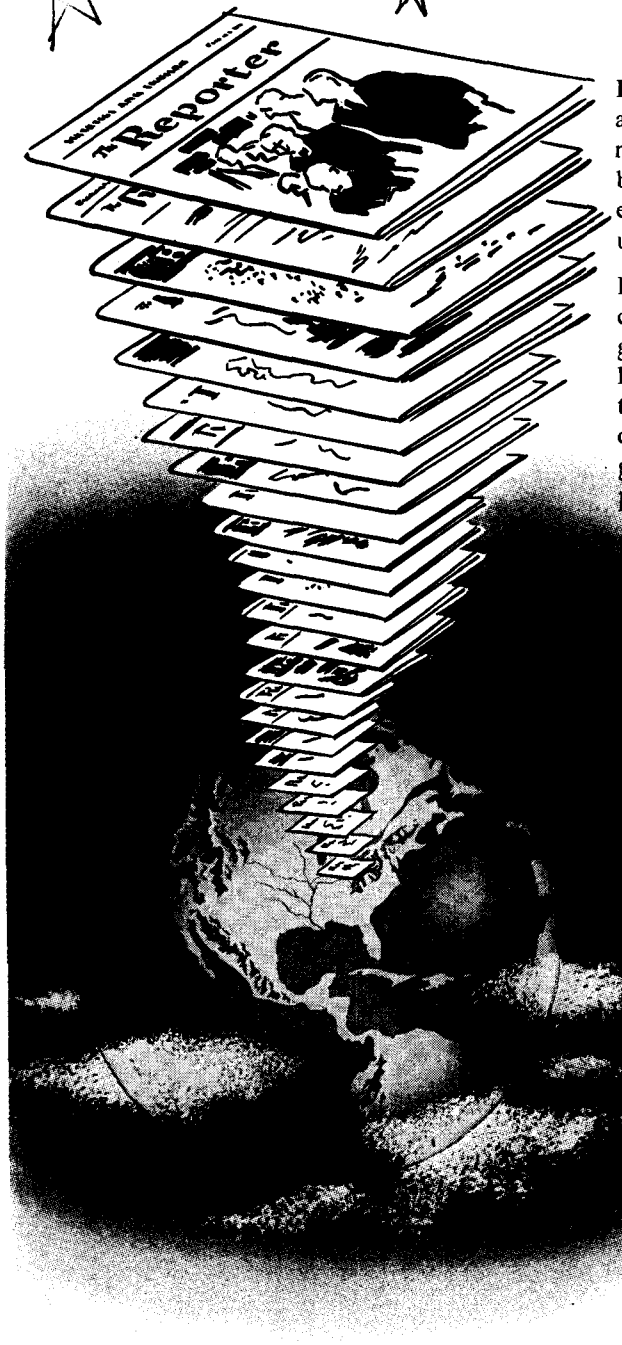

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The Reporter

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work. I hunted up Paul Fitzpatrick, the New York leader, and asked him to have a talk with Harriman, who was trailing far behind the three leaders. I told him:

"If Harriman lets you swing over, we can wind this up tonight."

That evening Fitzpatrick told me Harriman was ready to step out. Chairman Sam Rayburn and I then put our heads together. We decided that when he returned to the rostrum (Representative Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania was acting as chairman in Rayburn's absence), he would recognize Fitzpatrick first and then Dever.

Kefauver was still leading at the end of the second ballot. He had moved from 340 to 362½. But Stevenson had gained more—273 to 324½. Russell had gone from 268 to 294. Harriman had slipped from 123½ to 121.

Roosevelt

THE NIGHT session began at about nine. Fitzpatrick read Harriman's withdrawal in favor of Stevenson. Dever came next. He withdrew. Then, for the first time, the world was told that Governor Stevenson would be willing to make the race.

The last ballot began. I waited a few minutes and then telephoned Governor Stevenson at the home of his aide. I asked him if he was watching the proceedings on television. He said:

"No. I'm working on an acceptance speech. Blair is bringing me reports from the other room."

"How soon will you be here?" I asked.

"I won't come out to the amphitheater until and unless I'm nominated," was the quick reply.

I hung up. What could you do with a man like that? I knew the hour was late. I knew he was in. Time was of the greatest importance and he wouldn't make the hour's run to the Amphitheater until he was nominated! About fifty million Americans were at their television or radio sets right then. Every minute of delay getting Stevenson to the rostrum—what with people going to bed—meant we were losing thousands of listeners and viewers.

I knew Stevenson's acceptance speech would be an epic. I wanted the entire nation to hear it.

Meanwhile, in the hall, Michigan joined the pre-balloting switch and the end of the road was in sight. As the third balloting continued, Senators Kefauver and Douglas strode down the center aisle toward the platform. They tried to get the floor but Sam Rayburn refused to recognize them. He knew what Kefauver wanted to do, of course. Kefauver saw he was licked and wanted to withdraw openly before the end of the roll call and make the Stevenson nomination unanimous. But it was obvious to all of us that Stevenson could be put over without any help.

I have always regretted Rayburn's refusal, because his insistence that the roll call could not be halted was time-consuming.

'I Accept . . . '

The rest of the Convention was sheer jubilation. Kefauver and Senator Russell finally got the chance to withdraw officially and promise Stevenson their support. President Truman was escorted to the hall, spoke, and then introduced the candidate. Our nominee began that now-famous speech:

"I accept your nomination—and your program.

"I should have preferred to hear those words uttered by a stronger, wiser, better man than myself. . . ."

LOOKING BACK now, it seems to me that the draft of Stevenson—and it was a genuine draft regardless of what detractors may say and say—was accomplished before the Convention ever opened. Why, then, did Stevenson lose?

He didn't "lose." No mistake had anything to do with his defeat.

The explanation is simply that you could not beat a combination of hero worship, the emotional appeal of a promised Korean visit, an unwanted war, the desire for a change, and the thought that a party in office for twenty years must be a little shopworn.

People have said to me:

"Why, a party in power during a period of prosperity should never be turned out! What happened?"

The answer is that the voters thought Mr. Eisenhower could continue it. They felt he was so newly wedded to the G.O.P. that he would not be old-line on domestic issues.

I swear that if President Eisenhower had run on the Democratic ticket, the Republicans wouldn't have carried a state!

HOWEVER, it doesn't take a minimum of twenty years to leave marks. Four years are sometimes enough. We'll be back in 1956 to see what happened.

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Guiana: Trouble, Troops, And 'That Wisp of a Girl'

DANIEL JAMES

GEORGETOWN

"You've got to hand it to Janet," a British official here recently remarked. "That wisp of a girl has bloody well upset the whole British Commonwealth."

In London, Parliament was debating a Conservative motion to sustain the Government on its actions in British Guiana. Oliver Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, had opened the session with an extensive address justifying what the Government had done in sending troops, suspending the constitution, and turning the Administration out. That very morning, the Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, Henry L. Hopkinson, had emplaned from Georgetown carrying a bulky report on his four-day visit. Two days earlier, Whitehall had issued a twenty-page White Paper on the subject. Soon a commission of inquiry would be sent to the colony.

Call Out the Marines!

Before this 620 Royal Welsh Fusiliers and Marines had been debarked at Georgetown. The colony's Ministry had been dismissed and its legislature closed, for both were controlled by the Communist-dominated People's Progressive Party (P.P.P.). The Governor had been granted emergency powers by the Colonial Office. The Queen had met on a Sunday with her Privy Council and signed the Order in Council authorizing these acts, following the recommendation of her Cabinet which had held a number of secret sessions. Later, an aircraft carrier from a British port had brought troop reinforcements to Georgetown.

Was it all on account of Janet?

Nowadays the most obscure corners of the earth are turned up by some social cataclysm and thrust before our startled eyes. So it was with Azerbaijan and Cambodia and Kenya. So it is now with British Guiana.

Surely few lands could have laid a better claim to complete obscurity, and surely few lands are less attractive. British Guiana's 83,000 square miles are eighty-five per cent dense forest, or "bush," as the natives call it. Another ten per cent is savanna, or scrub. Aboriginal South American Indian tribes and hardy white prospectors—all together a few thousand souls—are the only ones who inhabit this expanse of bush and savanna.

PEOPLE OF BRITISH GUIANA

East Indians	197,696
Africans	158,940
Mixed or colored	46,855
South American Indians	17,424
Portuguese	8,712
Europeans (other than Portuguese)	3,865
Chinese	3,527
Total	437,019

The part of British Guiana that counts is a 270-mile coastline extending from the mouth of the River Orinoco to the Corentyne on the southeast. Here are concentrated the bulk of the colony's 437,000 people and their sources of livelihood. Around the capital of Georgetown and its environs alone, midway along the seaboard, lives a fifth of the population. Nearly all the rest are to be found on the sugar estates and villages southeast of Georgetown, and in small communities in the hinterland.

The worth of the colony is largely potential. It is said to contain great mineral and timber resources, but these are so inaccessible they have scarcely been tapped. Bauxite, the source of aluminum, exceeds in value and world importance any other British Guianese product. Sugar is decisive to the domestic economy but would collapse as an industry if it did not benefit from Commonwealth preferential treatment.

Clearly, the most ardent Kremlin plotter could have hoped to extract no more wealth from British Guiana than the most ardent British capitalists have in the 149 years they have "owned" it. What, then, did Moscow have to gain from fomenting, as the first official British statement on Guiana implied, a Communist plot?

If such a plot existed, it was certainly a political one. Under outright Red rule, Guiana could become a focal point of subversive agitation in the Caribbean. It could also become a base for Communist penetration into the British West Indies and the Latin-American republics.

There is absolutely no doubt that

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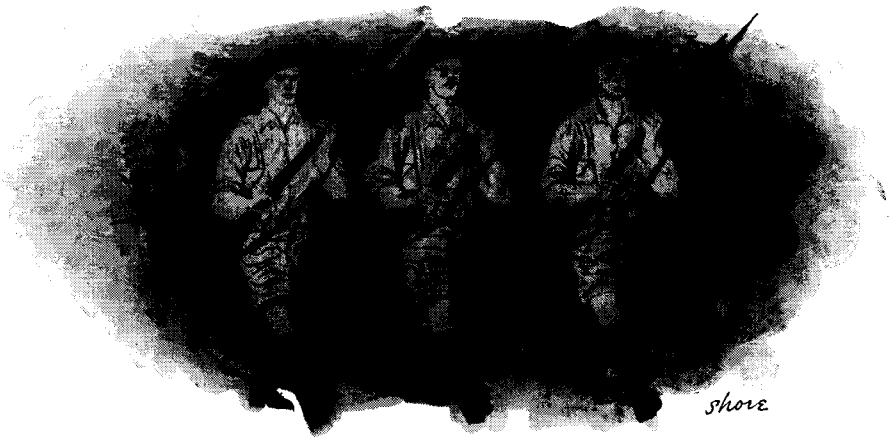
the People's Progressive Party is Communist-led, that its pronouncements and actions have been inflammatory and provocative, that it has been generating confusion and disorder, and that in time it might have attempted some big, reckless adventure.



Moscow did not create the P.P.P.; the P.P.P. came, ready-made, to Moscow on a platter. It was essentially the creation of Janet Jagan, née Janet Rosenberg, a Chicago-born girl who had been a member of the Young Communist League in her native city and had married Dr. Cheddi Jagan, a young Guianese of East Indian extraction, in 1943. To that extent there is much truth in the British Colonial official's remark about a wisp of a girl upsetting the whole Commonwealth.

Long before Janet was born, the British could have forestalled her. But few in the Colonial Office have ever cared much about what happened in British Guiana. The result has been the almost unchecked growth of an incredible amount of resentment among the people stemming from a have-not condition that is literally total. The vast majority of the Guianese are unconscionably exploited and made to feel inferior as workers, as nonwhites, as colonials. Even a Guianese who is well off cannot escape the stigma of race, whether he is of East Indian, native Indian, or African origin.

STATISTICS rarely tell the human story, but some of the economic and physical facts pertaining to the Guianese sugar workers are worth noting. Until 1951, according to the British Colonial Office's latest report dated that year, the average male sugar-factory worker received $14.16 per week in Guianese currency if he was skilled. (The Guianese, or British West Indian, dollar is worth about fifty-seven cents today.) He probably lived in a "range," a type of rural tenement built more than half a century ago around the factory and lacking the most elementary sanitary facilities. He worked in a factory that was equally ancient and grimy. He could count on only the most meager social and medical assistance. He had no genuine trade union to represent him.

Sugar is used as an illustration because it is the biggest employer of labor—during the two annual harvests a total of 30,000 men and women are at work—and is the dominant economic, social, and political fact about Guiana.

Founding the P.P.P.

It is no accident that the Communist leader and nominal P.P.P. chieftain, Dr. Cheddi B. Jagan, was born on a sugar plantation. His parents were indentured laborers brought from India in 1900. Cheddi lived there until he was in his teens, when he came to the United States and worked his way through Howard University and Northwestern University's dental school. He met Janet Rosenberg in Chicago and married her there.

In Guiana, the two set up a dental clinic and later went on to do political work among the sugar workers. The latter were ideally suited to the Jagans' purposes. Cheddi knew them best, and they possessed a twofold significance: They were not only a key economic force, but, being more than eighty per cent from the Indian subcontinent, constituted a compact racial mass.

The P.P.P. was founded by the Jagans in 1950. In April, 1953, Guiana was granted its constitution, embodying universal adult suffrage but reserving veto powers to the Crown-appointed Governor. In the ensuing election, the P.P.P. won eighteen of the twenty-four elective seats in the legislature.

Of the eighteen, eleven came from the predominantly East Indian sugar constituencies. The P.P.P. is as much a racial party, despite the presence in it of an African minority ("African" is officially used to describe what we would call Negroes), as it is a political party. And one of the graver charges against it is the unashamed uses it has made of racist appeals. For example, on a street in Quarantine, a hundred miles from Georgetown, P.P.P. enthusiasts scribbled this shortly after the election: "P.P.P. In Power. Black Man Dead."

The appeal of the P.P.P. has always been racism, nationalism, socialism, or a mixture of all three. It held the advantage of being the first real party in a country that had known little of party politics.

From the outset, there has been no doubt of the pro-Soviet orientation of the P.P.P. The party's official monthly bulletin, *Thunder,* is replete with evidence to prove the point. Janet Jagan is the editor.

In any given issue of *Thunder* there are usually articles lauding the achievements of the "workers" of Communist satellite countries, protests against the "witch-hunting" of such "people's heroes" as U.S. Communist Steve Nelson, quotations from Malenkov, references to "socialist and Communist progressive ideas," and exhortations to "intensify" the "class struggle" in British Guiana. At its third annual conference in March, the P.P.P. observed a two-minute silence in memory to that just-deceased "liberator of free Europe and acknowledged pathfinder of peace," Stalin.

When, a month later, the P.P.P. won the election, it received plaudits from the General Secretary of the British Communist Party, Harry Pollitt. There has been constant communication—chiefly by seamen couriers—between the P.P.P. and the British Communist Party.

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Other international Communist and Communist-front connections include the World Federation of Trade Unions, whose October meeting was graced by three P.P.P. delegates; the Women's International Democratic Federation (whose Copenhagen meeting Mrs. Jagan attended last spring); the World Federation of Democratic Youth; and the World Peace Council (of which Dr. Jagan is a member). Within the past two years, no fewer than ten P.P.P. members have made trips behind the Iron Curtain, Dr. Jagan himself having gone to Russia.

When Dr. Jagan arrived in Britain to plead his case before British political leaders, he proclaimed himself a harmless "Marxist." But during an interview I had with him last August, before a crisis had arisen to inhibit him, he confessed: "I believe Lenin and the Bolsheviks were correct. Our development must take that path."

He was quite scornful of the Labour Party, whose assistance he has lately been seeking. Even Aneurin Bevan he thought "slick and insincere."

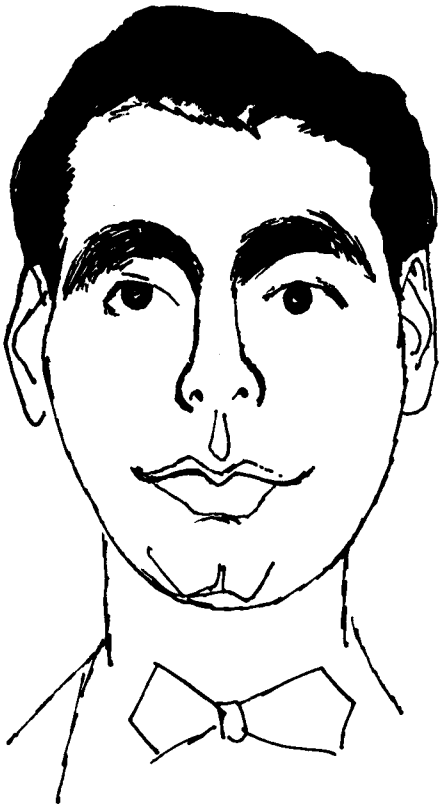
In office, Dr. Jagan and his fellow P.P.P. Ministers continued to talk and act like Communists. They conducted themselves like an Opposition to the British Governor and called themselves the "People's Opposition" while they were the actual Government. They had no intention of working within the constitution and every intention of destroying it. They deliberately sought to control every aspect of Guianese life through fair means or foul.

Fanning the Flame

Three months after the P.P.P. assumed office, Jagan made a radio broadcast. Already most businessmen were worried about what the P.P.P. would do, and investments had begun to drop off. Jagan, who was not only Leader of the House of Assembly but also held the most important portfolio of Lands, Mines, Agriculture, and Fisheries, might have been expected to utter some reassuring words. He did. He told his listeners that he was anxious to encourage domestic capital and bring in foreign capital to develop the country. Then he asserted that capitalism would "be changed into a higher and more efficient socialist system," and added for good measure: "Likewise socialism itself will evolve into a higher Communist stage of society."

THE immediate result of this speech was that five companies abandoned plans to start mining, oil, and building projects, and Guianese began to withdraw savings-bank deposits totalling more than 1.6 million British West Indies dollars.

The process of industrial and financial deterioration had hardly commenced when education was attacked. Out of Guiana's 277 schools, 260 are church-operated and partially state-supported. The deposed Minister of Education, L.F.S. Burnham, who is also P.P.P. chairman and Jagan's companion abroad, enunciated his educational policy as follows:



Dr. Cheddi B. Jagan

"Right now we are embarking on the rewriting of some of our textbooks to give them a true Guianese socialist and realist outlook. . . . So long as I am Minister of Education . . . our schools will not be merely centers of learning but centers of Guianese nationalism." Education, as in Soviet Russia, was to be party education.

Thunder in July

It was in the July *Thunder* that Janet Jagan reminded her readers that the "victory of April 27th was merely . . . the first round of the battle," and called upon all P.P.P. members to "intensify" the struggle.

By late August, it became quite intense. The P.P.P., without warning, called a sugar strike through its Guiana Industrial Workers' Union. Days passed before the GIWU made known any demands. But everyone knew there was only one demand: recognition of the GIWU as the workers' bargaining agent. The idea was to break the hold of the recognized union, the Man Power Citizens' Association—admittedly no paragon of trade-unionism—and thus to control the sugar industry and through it the economy.

The strike was completely effective and all but paralyzed economic life for twenty-five days. On September 24, it was abandoned as abruptly as it had begun, without explanation. The Sugar Producers' Association had adamantly refused recognition; the workers were tired; and the P.P.P. had another card up its sleeve.

This was a Labour Relations Ordinance, which P.P.P. Minister of Labour Ashton Chase had introduced in the House. Allegedly modeled on the Wagner Act, it provided, among other things, that the Minister of Labour—that is, the P.P.P.—be given power to appoint a committee of three to study the claim of any union for industry recognition. Through legislation, the P.P.P. hoped to win what it could not gain through the strike.

The attempt was quashed by the alert action of the Speaker, an appointee of the Crown. He refused to grant a motion by Dr. Jagan to suspend the standing rules to entertain the bill, on the ground that it had not been given the seven-day public notice required of all new legislation. Thereupon all eighteen P.P.P. Members walked out—a rare instance of a majority's going on strike.

THE walkout was accompanied by a typical Communist demonstration. When Opposition Leader

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W.O.R. Kendall, a bitter foe of Dr. Jagan, suggested that if this was an example of how the P.P.P. intended to lead the country toward self-government it would be better to revoke the constitution, he was greeted by

hoots and threats from the gallery. Outside, later, a P.P.P. mob howled: "Let Kendall come down an' see wot we gonna do wid 'im!"

It was not the first time Kendall had been threatened. For weeks he had had to carry a revolver. Many others opposed to the P.P.P. had likewise been menaced. Some dared not walk the streets of Georgetown. From September 1 to October 8, the date of Britain's intervention, 11.355 million British West Indies dollars' worth of riot and civil-commotion insurance was taken out. As the White Paper says:

"It became clear by the end of September that British Guiana was facing a rapid deterioration in the efficiency of its administration, in its economy, and in its security."

The 'Rallying Cry'

From all this it is obvious that the situation in Guiana required that something be done. However, there is grave question whether the methods used by the British were the most effective ones. It is quite possible, as Britain's Labour Opposition admitted, that the sending of troops may have been necessary to prevent arson—there was little likelihood of anything more serious because there were no arms caches and the P.P.P. had organized no paramilitary formations. But even if sending troops was necessary, suspending the constitution probably was not.

In the opinion of some intelligent Guianese anti-Communists, the more reckless the P.P.P. grew, the more supporters it tended to alienate. Estimates are madé that its original fifty-one per cent majority had dropped, during the sugar strike, to forty per cent. As Clement Attlee said in the House of Commons debate: "There was a growing lack of support for the P.P.P. . . . The important thing was not to give them a rallying cry. The possible rallying cry for them was nationalism, or anti-colonialism, or to appear as the champions of democracy against alien rule. The question was whether the Government had given the Communists just the opportunity they wanted—to get on the up-grade again."

The British could have taken preliminary steps to curb the P.P.P. and to prepare the public for more drastic action if necessary. The constitution gave the Governor the power to demand the individual resignation of Ministers or to "prorogue or dissolve the Chambers." By forcing a new election, the British might have been able to get a reasonable Government without suspending the constitution. As Mr. Attlee put it: "The Opposition's indictment [is] that there were other methods, and the Government had brought in the last thing they should have done, and had brought it in first."

Some Repercussions

As things stand, the Guianese are accepting the suspension of their liberties with what the newspapers call "outward calm." But the prospect of continued rule from above may incline even nonmembers of the P.P.P. to sustain that party as a champion of self-government.

Disapproval of the British action seems to be general in just those areas where approval is most desirable. The people of Britain's other Caribbean possessions have been agitating for self-government longer than the Guianese; they cannot help regarding the happenings in Guiana as a blow to their own aspirations. The Latin Americans see in British military intervention a "foreign invasion" of their continent and a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. In New Delhi a large part of the press has vehemently denounced the British intervention. Reuters reported: "Mrs. Janet Jagan is becoming a heroine in India."

Finally, the British have provided Communism with an ideal new issue. The fact that Britain's troops have not shot a single Guianese makes no difference. P.P.P delegates to the Communist WFTU's October meeting in Vienna declared then and there that the "situation in British Guiana is hidden from the rest of the world by a bloody curtain of colonial terror." Tass, the Russian "news" agency, was quick to report that one. It also reported the P.P.P. representatives as adding that thousands of Negroes, East Indians, and South American Indians have been driven off the land and that the Negroes were cast back into slavery.

CERTAINLY British Guiana will not return, in our time, to its former obscurity. Rather it is likely to become, instead, a source of continued agitation that the western powers may find difficult to control.

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Panmunjom, October

PATRICK O'DONOVAN

Not far from Panmunjom lies an area of shallow valleys and low, eroded hills. The hills are covered with a scrub of wiry bushes, and the valleys are scarred with truck tracks. The place is littered with barbed wire. The scene suggests the poisoned, derelict outskirts of an industrial city, but there is no city—only barbed-wire enclosures and camps. This is where 23,000 prisoners left over from the Korean War are being kept while they decide whether or not to go home. With them are some 5,000 Indian soldiers who are their guards.

Because the verdicts of these men had become a vital matter of prestige to half a dozen governments, it was not easy to attend the "explanations" preceding their decisions. Only ten newspapermen from each side were allowed in.

The military police counted us as carefully as if we had been money when we entered the area. The tops of the hills were crowned with compounds, each holding five hundred men in a square of tents surrounded by two walls of wire. The Indian guards looked down upon them from behind guns on the tops of wooden towers. In one compound a Chinese Nationalist flag flew from the top of a warped pole, and the prisoners were marching round and round the wire singing angrily to themselves. In another the prisoners, drawn up in ranks facing the road, were singing and waving small flags up and down in time to music.

Standing on the roof of a tent in another camp and steadying himself by holding the top of a white cross that had been nailed there was a youth frantically waving a South Korean flag. His face was distorted with shouting. The air was full of the sound of men's voices yelling and singing; over every camp flew flags and crude banners that called for freedom. It was like one of those Hieronymus Bosch paintings where a landscape is covered with innumerable tiny figures, all frightened, all suffering, and all inescapably doomed.

Our bus drove straight on down the valley and left the impersonal suffering behind. It turned into another valley, a small, intimate place. Here sixteen squad tents stood in a row behind a barricade of wire. In the parking lot was a row of American and Russian jeeps. This was one of the two explanation centers where the prisoners were brought to make their choice.

The enclosure was guarded by Indian M.P.s wearing turbans that sported a sort of cockscomb of starched linen. Inside, walking up and down like fugitives from some provincial Congress of Vienna, were

at least a hundred assorted officers all dressed as if for parade. The shouting of the prisoners could still be heard. An Indian pipe band was practicing somewhere out of sight. Army engineers were exploding land mines a long way off.

The officers were mingling, shaking hands, and walking up and down while they waited gravely for things to begin. The Polish officers, in the dashing uniforms that became familiar to us during the Second World War, sometimes looked as if they would like to be friendly. The Czechs were chunky and sulky under their brassbound caps. There were Swedes and Swiss, tall and serious in expensive, undramatic uniforms. The Indians, more British than the British, saluted at the slightest provocation with gusts of heartily military laughter—friendly, unworried, and seemingly in control of this preposterous situation.

And then there were Asian Communists. There were a few North Koreans looking angry (as they always do) in bulging jackboots and flaring dark-blue breeches, with flat gold epaulettes that sagged off their shoulders. They looked faintly absurd, as if their clothes had been hired for the occasion. There were a large number of Chinese, standing alone and looking curiously tentative. They wore uniforms of arrogant humility, without badges of rank or any pretension to military splendor: high-buttoned jackets that seemed to have been made of yellow blankets, and shapeless caps.

There is a curious atmosphere of personal misery about these people, as if they were monks who had no vocation but only passionate and bitter intellectual conviction. They never laugh. They barely talk to one another. They stand minutes on end wrapped in some private cloud staring at nothing.

For light relief there was one Brit-

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ish officer, an artilleryman who had served during the war in the Indian Army. He was bobbing up and down "sirring" Indian majors and colonels, talking of the old days, and the Indians were outtalking him. "Whatever became of the 30th Field Regiment?" "Dog and Easy batteries went to Pakistan at the partition." "You must have known Colonel Sykes." "My old sergeant major was killed on the Arakan." A Sikh brigadier towered like a war god above all the others, the crimson ribbon of a general officer wound into his turban, his graying beard curly and disciplined.

THE OFFICERS and correspondents began to move toward the empty tent. The staff work had been excellent. Each tent contained identical equipment. Opposite an empty chair in the middle, three or four Chinese sat behind a bare table. Near the Chinese there was the neutrals' table—Indians in the middle, Swiss and Swedes on one side, Czechs and Poles on the other. Behind them were two interpreters—one for them, one for us. In another corner was a row of chairs for U.N. and Communist observers and for the press. I took a chair near the door.

Most of the men spoke very quietly, as if they were in church, and the Chinese sat in unnatural silence. We must have waited twenty minutes, and then down the track over the hilltop I watched a shabby man approach, with two Indians walking close to him. The man carried a bundle. Behind him there came another prisoner, and then another, and the process of persuasion was about to begin.

The Prisoner

There was a shuffling at the tent door and the first Chinese prisoner came in, his heavy boots echoing on the floor boards. He looked strong, young, and hostile. He wore vaguely military clothing, but he didn't wear it like a soldier. He looked like a man dragged from his sleep in the middle of the night. Two Indian guards—thin, dark men in woolen jumpers carrying pick handles—gently led him to the empty chair, and he sat down and looked at the toes of his boots. Fussily the Indian chairman began to recite a formula in a high singsong voice. In the language of classic diplomacy he informed the peasant soldier that he had nothing to fear, that he need not answer questions, that he was here to decide whether or not to be repatriated. The prisoner began to pick his nose while one of the interpreters repeated in Chinese what the chairman had said.

A Chinese explainer began to speak. His voice was a reasonable murmur. The prisoner suddenly stood up, one hand on his hip, the other playing with his nose, and turned away from the table shouting. While the explainer murmured, the prisoner shouted the same thing over and over again. The explainer stood up, raising his voice. From the prisoner's tirade I could catch the word "Taiwan"—"Formosa"—again and again. The prisoner began to sweat. The Chinese explainer looked embarrassed. Suddenly I felt that something wrong was happening. The spectators sat in frozen silence. I remember in Shanghai, just before the Communists took over the city, seeing young men executed with revolvers in the streets. I experienced the same incredulous feeling that something so enormous and final couldn't possibly happen to a man in such trivial circumstances.

The British journalist next to me was trying to wave to the prisoner to reassure him and show him that he wasn't alone. And the youth, clutching his bundle and looking away from everyone, just stood with his feet apart, bellowing at intervals, fiercely chopping his free hand up and down, defending himself as if he were at bay. It didn't last long. The Chinese chairman said he was satisfied, and the Indian repeated another formula. He carefully pointed to one door for repatriation and to another for nonrepatriation.

The prisoner looked bewildered and asked which was for Taiwan. Then everyone left, and the youth stood alone in the middle of the tent while officers and reporters peered at him from the doorways. He turned and plunged through the door that meant nonrepatriation. We all came in again and got ready for the next man.

THE WHOLE enclosure had been transformed. From every tent there came sounds of desperate shouting. The prisoners were still walking downhill between their guards toward the tents, and those who had made decisions were walking away by a different road. All of them were hysterical. Some stooped for stones to throw at the Communists. Others were led away shouting insults like madmen. The tents in the ugly little valley echoed with noise as if a cattle auction were going on. The journalists moved from door to door, and through each saw a man on trial. One was sullenly silent. One stamped forward and banged the table in front of the explainers, who looked hurt and embarrassed. Once or twice Indian guards held a prisoner back and patted him gently as if he were an unruly horse.

When the light failed, the business stopped. The last man was led away shouting over the hill. We drove back the way we came. In the twilight the prisoners, calm now, pressed against the wire, quite silent. A few of them raised their hands and waved gently at the press bus as it went bouncing back toward Seoul.

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Japanese Labor Unionism: Hybrid Plant in Strange Soil

RUTH BARRETT

He was sitting cross-legged on a straw-weave *tatami*, a gray-black kimono of heavy silk shrouding his crouched figure. It was the No. 1 room of the small Shinagawa residence, typically Japanese in its raw, weather-darkened wood and paper-paned panels in bamboo latticework. He was sitting before a polished lacquer table. The prescribed three blossoms stood starkly in the *tokonoma* corner of the room, and he sipped tea slowly from a miniature porcelain cup which his wife had brought in and deposited with that series of deferences in bows and smiles and sidling entries and exits so typical of the old Japan yet remaining so much a part of the new Japan. The whole setting was something like an illustration for Lafcadio Hearn.

I talked with Komakichi Matsuoka for more than three hours, for a while inside, and then outside in the garden, sitting western-style in chairs of green wicker. I had gone to see Mr. Matsuoka because he is Japan's Grand Old Man of labor, one of the Founding Fathers of the union movement and long-time chief of the All Japan Federation of Labor, which, until its splintering two years ago, was the single master collective of Japanese unions.

The shadows were long when I said good-by in the garden. I had heard about Komakichi Matsuoka's job as a Member of the Diet; his role as a policy planner for the Social Democratic Party; his role as Speaker of the House in the Katayama Cabinet back in 1948; how he had always been a Christian; and how it was important for Japan to get back Okinawa and Sakhalin. But Mr. Matsuoka had never mentioned wages, working conditions, collective agreements, or the problems of organizing the workers.

Six million people are on union rosters in Japan. This amounts to almost half of the country's non-agricultural workers and makes the trade-union movement here the largest in non-Communist Asia, far outnumbering populous India's, for instance. In spite of this, large industries treat labor unions with paternalistic nonchalance bordering on open contempt. Even the smallest businesses have been quick to realize that in one way or another they can usually ignore or get around union demands.

The reason for this paradox is that the whole union structure of Japan is still built upon the cornerstone of paternalism, and this paternalism is shot through with traditionalism. In a country where the family clan still tends to be a solid economic entity and the clans still accept the medieval system of hierarchal authority and obligation—from the father in the family to the concept of the Emperor as the father image—the employer plays a major role in this pyramid of papas. Unionism in Japan must therefore be understood as tied to the employer-father concept.

There are innumerable instances where it is the employer who pays the salaries of union leaders and provides the facilities for all union activity. There are also many cases where high-ranking managerial personnel and even employers themselves are on union rolls.

Contracts often consist only of a few vague generalizations. It is still far from exceptional for industrial negotiations to be carried out through an intermediary. The tradition in most Japanese social negotiations is to have a third party act as go-between, since Japanese form requires that neither party show unseemly concern. This is true even with some union-employer dealings, where employees feel it would be unseemly—worse, ungrateful—to petition directly for improvements.

Because form is so important, strikes have been called off when one or both sides have become convinced of the need to save face. An employer may bargain with his workers on valid differences, but the moment the discussion gets aired in the local newspaper he is so embarrassed by the idea that his neighbors will think him insensitive to his obligations that he may hurriedly give in. The same can be true of his workers, if they decide that they are being ungrateful and insubordinate.

'Demo-crassy'

Roughly thirty per cent of Japan's organized labor still belongs to one-shop unions, a substantial proportion of which bear a close relationship to company unions. Employers, in

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fact, exhibit a strange pride in their workers' unions. They not only corroborate organized labor's claim to fully fifty per cent of Japan's non-agricultural workers, but they proudly predict that the bulk of union members will remain on union rosters.

THIS EMPLOYER pleasure in big union membership is an Allied Occupation postscript. The whole Japanese labor movement is a post-war development; from a negligible prewar peak of 400,000 free union members, the Japanese flocked overnight to unions in 1945-1946, when SCAP implied that trade-unionism was an important facet of *"demo-crassy"* (as the Japanese haltingly refer to it). Even where many Japanese on both sides of the economic fence have little or no awareness of the reasons for trade-unionism and therefore cling to the paternalistic approach, they are prepared to show their *demo-crassy* by their nominal support.

In the economic payoff, however, the Nipponese brand of labor *demo-crassy* still looks like this for a typical woman worker in a textile factory: She starts work at the loom at age sixteen for $13 a month, and if she is very good she can ultimately progress through sixteen categories to a top pay of $14 a week. She lives in a dormitory that is usually on a corner of the factory grounds and sometimes part of the factory building. Out of her $13 a month base pay she returns $4 to the factory for electric light and for her meals, which consist of a soup bowl of rice and a saucer of vegetable, fish, or pickle at each meal. As likely as not she has to buy her clothes and toiletries at a company store, with the sum of the purchase chits coming out of her pay envelope at the end of the month.

Only if the worker is fortunate does she belong to one of the more efficient—and rare—union locals that have drawn up contracts requiring management to make available radio broadcasts, and maybe even volleyball courts, songfests, and general recreational activities and instructive courses, including classes in flower arrangement. If she has watched her pennies, she should have enough saved within six to eight years for the hundred dollars she must have to buy her "bride's chest."

Men are paid more—as high as double and more a woman's wage for the same job—and are supplied with one-room apartments if they have families.

WITH most workers vague on their reasons for joining a union—a Japanese worker will usually tell you that he joined "because everybody did" and, of course, because in a *demo-crassy* you do—the union leaders naturally wield an authority that does not always have a relation to the workers' real interests. The average Japanese today live nine persons to a room and spend almost eighty per cent of their earnings on food.

And yet, like Komakichi Matsuoka, most labor leaders in Japan are not talking about wages, working conditions, or even housing at union meetings. Instead they are making complex speeches on the pros and cons of American military bases in Japan, on the extent of sovereignty contained in the Japanese peace treaty, on President Eisenhower's policy vis-à-vis Formosa, and on who wants rearmament and why.

This general preoccupation of labor leaders with questions that can at this point have only luxury interest for most Japanese workers is something that few of the union members themselves seem to challenge. The rule, again, is: You don't question authority.

Most labor leaders feel the same way about it and have no truck with questions from the floor. When I talked with the president of a major textile union that had contributed considerable money out of the union treasury for the Social Democrats, I asked whether the union members had raised any objection to their dues going to a political party. He shrugged impatiently and said: "They don't know anything about things like that."

With so much of their energies—and union dues—concentrated in the political arena, the leaders of Japan's unions produce very little for their members even in that field. Within four months after complete sovereignty was again established, the Labor Relations Act, written under Occupation guidance, had been amended to prohibit any kind of major work stoppage in any important industry. Government employees, already deprived of the right to strike or bargain collectively, were also stripped of the right to grievance machinery.

The Thought Police Return

Finally, a coalition of right-wing parties under Premier Shigeru Yoshida's leadership passed the Anti-Subversive Act, aimed primarily at the Communists—and certainly invited by the Red leaders and their irresponsible followers in the May Day, 1952, outbreaks throughout the country—but worded so loosely that it can be used against the labor movement whenever the government chooses to do so. There is a grim similarity between the Anti-Subversive Act and the Peace Preservation Law which Japan's pre-Pearl Harbor militarists promulgated in preparation for the Second World War. Already former members of the Thought Police who had been

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purged by the Occupation are back in government service—working in the employment exchanges.

The politics in which labor leaders are steeped so deeply and so ineffectively ranges from a Socialism of the extreme Right, represented in union terms by Komakichi Matsuoka; through a middle-of-the-road Socialism, to which the greatest number of union leaders subscribe; a left-wing Socialism whose supporters control Sohyo, the present Federation of Labor; and a small union group left of that; and, finally, the Communists.

OVERT COMMUNIST influence in the unions is now small. The Communists ran away with a substantial part of the trade-union movement immediately after the war, but two major purges inspired by the Occupation in 1950 and 1951, coupled with the unions' own efforts under Occupation prodding from 1947 on, have resulted in a labor movement that is, at least on the surface, almost completely free of Communists. The influence of left-wing Socialists, however, is considerable. Even though most of the constituent unions of the Japan Federation of Labor, with its 3.5 million members, are individually affiliated with the militantly anti-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, the Federation as an entity is run by left-wingers, who only recently sent a five-point letter to CIO chief Walter Reuther asking for his backing in their current campaigns on the issues of Korea, Formosa, and the causes of the cold war, in all of which their stands dovetail with the Communist line. Reuther wrote back a sharp reply saying, in effect, "nothing doing." This startled the Sohyo leaders, who understand so little of what the Communist issues really are that they honestly expected the CIO to endorse their views.

The left-wing Socialism they preach is a distinctly Asian brand, with a Gandhi-type passive resistance as its guiding principle. There is evidence that they are genuinely convinced it is possible for them to remain neutral. The hard fact, however, is that they keep mouthing the most obvious Communist propaganda arguments and that on most major political issues confronting Japan today—rearmament, U.S. military bases, trade with China—they are serving the Communist cause, if only as dupes.

The middle-of-the-road Socialists, by contrast, go along with United States views on Japanese rearmament, with American bases, and with the policies of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. They are, however, strongly inclined toward nationalism. That nationalism is even more intense among the right-wing Socialists, whose utterances make you wonder sometimes whether you are not living in the 1940's again and listening to a broadcast from Radio Tokyo during the Tojo régime.

Political feeling between the labor leaders espousing these different segments of Socialism runs high, of course, and it can only be a matter of time before the Japan Federation of Labor will suffer another big split, with the middle-of-the-roaders breaking off to form their own organization. The split, when it comes, will be planned and executed solely by the labor leaders acting on orders from the political parties, and it will have nothing to do with any concrete trade-union issues, nor will it have any reference to what union members think or want.

Occupation Policy

Some responsibility for this strange labor movement, so pretentious in scope and so slight in content, must be laid to the Allied Occupation.

The American plan in 1945 was to build a labor movement strong both economically and politically, and to use it to help achieve three major Occupation objectives: establish a bulwark against the revival of militarism and paternalism, break down monopoly in business and industry, and provide practical examples of democracy to the mass of Japanese who had never had a chance to observe democracy in action.

The instructions to the Supreme Commander, General MacArthur, later spelled out in an official directive from the Far Eastern Commission, were detailed and precise. He was told to encourage trade-unionism, to permit organized labor to take part in political activities, and in all ways to encourage the workers' "organized participation in building up a peaceful and democratic Japan."

The General's compliance with orders was not among his most outstanding attributes. In Japan he changed his course on labor policy three times in four years. These were SCAP family changes and did not reflect a shift in American thinking on Japan, which did not occur until 1950.

FROM THE beginning of the Occupation until early in 1947, General MacArthur followed his instructions and SCAP went all-out in its job of encouraging trade-union organization. A former educational director for the United Auto Workers, Richard Deverall, who is now again in Japan as regional representative in Asia for the AFL's Free Trade Union Committee and was a Military Police lieutenant in those early Occupation years, recalls how in 1945 and 1946 he traveled up and down Japan in his M.P. jeep and lacquered helmet selling Japanese workers on the idea of joining unions.

The Deveralls, of course, represented the New Authority to the

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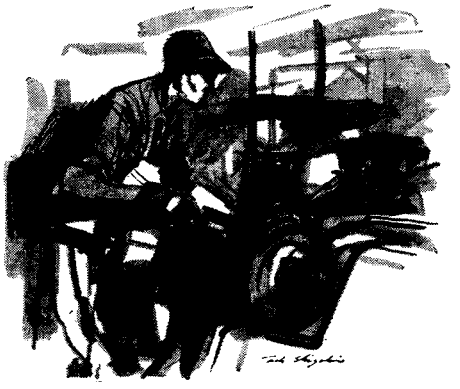
Japanese, and even when the Japanese had little or no idea why they were being encouraged to unite in workers' organizations, they jumped to obey. The new *papa-san* apparently wanted workers to join unions, and so, by early 1947, trade-union



units had mushroomed to 23,323 with 5.7 million members. This was the end of SCAP's "first phase" in labor policy, although union membership, following the momentum begun in that phase, rose later to a peak of almost 6.7 million.

There is a well-known anecdote about this first phase. The Tokyo telephone operators, organized for the first time, decided suddenly to call a strike, nobody ever quite knew why. But for forty-eight hours the Tokyo operators took all calls with the following refrain: "We are on strike. Long live *demo-crassy!* Number, please?"

It was also, however, a period of some rough stuff. Communists were permitted to infiltrate and capture a number of the new unions, and one notion of "negotiating" at the time was to lock up an employer day and night without a break, without food or sleep, until an "agreement" was reached. Employers often had no help from the police, who had been ordered by SCAP to refrain from interfering in industrial conflicts and interpreted this to mean a complete hands-off policy.

Things had developed a tendency to get out of hand when General MacArthur, early in 1947, decided to change them by means of a substantial shift in Occupation labor policy. With the Reds riding high, a general strike was called in January that year. SCAP stepped in with a flat order prohibiting the strike. During the eighteen months following this ban, General MacArthur's revised policies resulted, on the credit side, in the elimination of Communist influence from most of the unions.

Also on the credit side, SCAP began to ask for greater responsibility from union leaders in both their political and economic action during this second phase and nurtured what little solidity there is in the Japanese labor movement today. It was, significantly, the only time when SCAP's labor policies were put into effect by a professional trade-unionist, James Killen, vice-president of the AFL's International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers.

KILLEN quit in 1948, and this is when the third phase of SCAP labor policy went into effect. Killen resigned when General MacArthur, calling upon the Japanese government to prohibit its employees from striking—an order that Killen considered wise but unnecessary because the prohibition was already on the books—extended the scope of the prohibition to say that government employees must be forbidden to bargain collectively.

This new order from General MacArthur could hardly be described as hewing to the line of encouraging trade-unionism, as laid down by the Far East Commission and the Occupation's own proclaimed intentions. The sharp about-face that followed all along the line was executed, from 1949 until the end of the Occupation, by Robert T. Amis, a former special investigator for the FBI, who was appointed SCAP's labor chief after Killen's departure.

Amis gave short shrift to union leaders. Union heads who had been accustomed to going to the SCAP Labor Division for help and advice were suddenly told, in effect, *"Just be careful,* see?"

A Living Union

With these obviously confusing pendulum policies of our own during the Occupation, plus the dead weight of Japan's peculiar social structure, it is remarkable that there should be even a kernel of real *demo-crassy* in Japan's trade unions. But the kernel is there; and for those who are looking for the source from which a real labor movement can be developed, men like Yukitake Haraguchi, young chief of the Metal Miners, give hope that it can be done.

Mr. Haraguchi, who left law studies at the University of Tokyo before the war to work in the copper mines, came to the trade-union movement immediately after the war ended and has been a full-time labor leader since. In these eight years, he has begun to build a living union. He has succeeded in scrapping the vague understanding that used to exist between miners and operators —always subject to pressures and to misunderstandings — and, through straight collective bargaining, has secured a detailed written contract for his men. At the same time he has introduced an education program among the miners that doesn't concern itself with Okinawa or with American bases but deals with the rights of workers stricken with silicosis, with grievance machinery and other contract terms, and with the manner in which union dues are spent.

Haraguchi and his miners give an example of the way the Japanese labor movement could go if it ever becomes really effective.

The keys are straight dealing and education—education both of the workers, who must be taught to stand on their own feet, and of the employers, who must be made to realize that their employees are not children but working men and women. Considering the Japanese pattern of personal and social relationships, however, it will be a long time before the Japanese labor movement develops the strength it now pretends to have.

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Investigating the Foundations

HELEN HILL MILLER

AN OLD MELODRAMA is being prepared for an early winter revival in Washington. The title: "Pay Dirt in Them Thar Foundations." The plot: An old Congressional prospector rides forth to territory he believes to be unstaked and rich in pay dirt, only to find the area occupied by an orderly community.

Last year the part of the old prospector for subversion among the great tax-exempt research and social-science foundations was played by the late Gene Cox of Georgia. This year it will be taken by Congressman B. Carroll Reece of Tennessee, who was in the cast in a minor supporting role last year. Some of the less-publicized backers of the performance also remain the same. The script has required little updating.

The Men Behind the Scenes

Like all shows, this one didn't get on the road overnight. Congressman Cox first tried to get authorization for an investigation of foundations back in 1951. The man who had aroused his interest in the idea was Thomas Creigh of Chicago, former general counsel of the Cudahy Packing Company, an old friend of Cox's, wise in the ways of Congress and well aware that the installation of a Cudahy plant in Cox's district back in 1936 had done the latter no political harm whatever.

Creigh has devoted much time in recent years to worrying about what he lumps under the heading of "internationalism." The general pattern of his worries runs about like this: Schools are failing to give young people of today an adequate understanding of the Constitution and the Founding Fathers. Churchmen keep rushing off to gatherings in foreign lands. The foundations, in particular the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, have actively fostered the internationalist trend. Today, more and more teachers hold certificates from Teachers College, Columbia. The late Nicholas Murray Butler was head of Columbia, and also of the Carnegie Endowment. The Endowment supplied funds for the American Association for the United Nations, which did and does much to get American support for the United Nations. Alger Hiss was prominent in the establishment of the United Nations, and helped to promote it after John Foster Dulles had chosen him as head of the Endowment. Also the Carnegie Corporation and the Rockefeller Foundation jointly supported the Institute of Pacific Relations, which, through Owen Lattimore, had been instrumental in the "sellout" of China.

The clearest present danger to the country, Creigh believes, is the threat to American independence of such U.N.-fostered, Eleanor Roosevelt-contrived treaties as the proposed World Bill of Rights. He considers Senator John Bricker's proposed Constitutional amendment limiting the President's treaty-making powers the minimum necessary safeguard against such danger.

SO THE FIRST SOURCE of the present investigation was Creigh's opposition to internationalism. Alone it might not have been enough to jar Cox's bill for an investigation of foundations loose from the House Rules Committee; in 1951 it was not enough. But in 1952 the Republican Party was preparing for a choice, in political convention assembled, between Dwight Eisenhower and Robert Taft.

This didn't concern Creigh too much; he was a MacArthur man. But other people, among them Congressman Clarence Brown of Ohio, were concerned. The Taft group saw advantage to its candidate if the "internationalist" tag could be firmly tied on Eisenhower as president of Columbia University, on Dulles as moving force in the Carnegie Endowment, and on Paul Hoffman as chairman of the Ford Foundation as well as former top giveaway man in the Marshall Plan. Among those who saw the possibilities most clearly was Congressman Carroll Reece of Tennessee, erstwhile Republican National Committee chairman, ardent Taft man, and negotiator for pro-Taft Southern delegates. The group, spark-plugged by Brown, got Cox's bill out of the Rules Committee in March, 1952, and onto the floor, where it passed 194 to 158.

Other behind-the-scenes backing came from Colonel Robert R. McCormick's Chicago Tribune Tower. The McCormick faction not only loathed internationalism and distrusted Eisenhower, but had a third target all its own.

In 1951, in one of a series of anti-internationalist articles, subsequently reprinted as pamphlets, the *Tribune* had given Cox very useful ammunition. The article, entitled "Foundations Wander into Fields of Isms," began: "The lofty, charitable aims of the original donors to Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ford and other huge foundations in the country have been diverted into propaganda for globalism, including international communism, a survey of the $3 billion trust field disclosed today."

But internationalism was not the *Tribune's* only target. Among the authors of the series of articles was Frank Hughes, who had previously written *Prejudice and the Press,* a book dissecting the Commission on Freedom of the Press headed by Robert Hutchins when Chancellor of the University of Chicago. Dr.

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Hutchins and the *Tribune* have enjoyed a quarter century of conflict, and in Colonel McCormick's black book Hutchins ranks right up with Roosevelt and Eisenhower. Hutchins is now an Associate Director of the Ford Foundation.

So three groups of enthusiasts were behind Cox. They were, in descending order, those who wanted to get rid of the United Nations, those who wanted to get rid of Eisenhower, and those who wanted to get rid of Hutchins. In ascending order, they are now behind Reece.

Boxing Cox

The Democrats realized last year that as soon as Cox's resolution came out of the Rules Committee he would be as good as in business. One unenthusiastic Democrat probably expressed the true feelings of the majority when he said, "Nobody's going to catch me voting against anything that says it's anti-Communist," but Speaker Rayburn and others were impressed with the necessity for a suitable measure of caution and decorum in investigating the country's major philanthropic institutions. So when the majority side of his committee was appointed, Cox was carefully surrounded by men who could be relied upon to restrain any intemperate gestures.

Cox himself was fond of Brooks Hays of Arkansas, even though the latter had advanced compromise proposals on the Federal civil-rights issue, but the two other Democrats, Donald L. O'Toole of New York and Aime J. Forand of Rhode Island, were forced upon him. Cox was not only fenced in by the leadership. He began to get worried that he was being used by interests he disliked. So he asked Hays to take over the chair for nearly all sessions. Hays was in entire charge after the onset of the illness that terminated in Cox's death soon after he had O.K.'d major parts of the committee's report. Cox's more extreme tendencies were thus fairly well compensated by his party colleagues. Among the minority members of the committee, Richard Simpson of Pennsylvania and Angier L. Goodwin of Massachusetts also showed consistent concern for fair play.

Carroll Reece, the third Republican member, attended only the last

B. Carroll Reece

committee hearing; earlier he had been in Florida nursing an ailment of his wife's and his own post-convention wounds. His chief last-minute contributions were the deletion of some paragraphs dealing with social sciences in the committee's report and the addition of a footnote stressing that "if a more comprehensive study is desired, the inquiry might be continued by the 83rd Congress with profit . . ."

Cox's first prospect for the committee's general counsel had been Aaron M. Sargent, previously of the California Un-American Activities Committee. But the committee had engaged Harold M. Keele, a Chicago attorney, who drew up a remarkable statement of the conditions under which he was accepting the job: "I will not be a tool or instrument of hatchet work on behalf of or for any political party, creed or belief. I assume that we are trying to make here an investigation which will form the basis . . . for action by the Congress, if it thinks action is necessary. I am sure there are some subversive elements that have benefited from grants from foundations, but I would hazard a guess that they are, in the aggregate, so small that they may prove to be microscopic by comparison."

Keele frustrated the let's-get-Ike crowd by insisting on such detailed groundwork that no public hearings were held until after the election. Except for a largely off-the-record tiff with Henry Allen Moe of the Guggenheim Foundation, Keele played the part of an investigator, not a prosecuting attorney, throughout.

With Reece as the sole dissenter, those who took part in the Cox investigation thought that they had finished the job. Mistakes made by the major foundations were brought to light and discussed; the good which had come from the great bulk of foundation activities was affirmed. There were a few minor recommendations regarding fuller public accounting of grants, and a suggestion to the Ways and Means Committee to "reexamine pertinent tax laws, to the end that they may be so drawn as to encourage the free-enterprise system with its rewards from which private individuals may make gifts to these meritorious institutions." Most committee members felt that if further action were necessary, it should be undertaken by either the Ways and Means or the House Un-American Activities Committee. But they reckoned without Reece and his footnote.

Reece owes his success in getting this year's motion out of the Rules Committee to President Eisenhower's eagerness for an extension of the excess-profits tax. As the House Ways and Means Committee continued to sit on the excess-profits bill, the possibility of an end run began to be examined. Could the Rules Committee bring out, or threaten to bring out, a bill without waiting for a Ways and Means report? Reece, a member of the Rules Committee, was opposed to the extension of excess profits, but was not averse to a little horse trading. One day Rules Committee Chairman Leo Allen received a message saying that Reece would back the Administration on excess profits. In a matter of days, the Reece resolution for a renewal of the investigation of tax-exempt foundations reached the floor. The House vote was 209 to 163.

Speaker Joe Martin's view of this investigation was very like that of his predecessor, and the boxing of Cox was presently paralleled by the

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fleecing of Reece. Jesse Wolcott of Michigan was named along with Angier Goodwin of Massachusetts, who had been on the Cox Committee. The Democrats appointed Wayne Hays of Ohio in place of Brooks Hays of Arkansas as ranking member, and added Mrs. Gracie Pfost of Idaho. The Appropriations Committee cut Reece's funds from the $125,000 he asked to $50,000, the amount spent by the Cox group.

History also repeated itself in the choice of counsel. The committee passed over Arthur L. Conrad of Chicago, who lists himself in *Who's Who in the Midwest* as a "special investigator of Communist Activities, 1937-39," and chose instead René Wormser of New York, a specialist in estate planning and brother of Assistant Secretary of the Interior Felix Wormser, and added to the staff Charles B. Holstein, formerly with the Buchanan Committee to Investigate Lobbying Activities. Wormser has started work by expressing his disapproval of widespread press publicity and by carefully examining the material Keele assembled last year.

Men on the Stage

Currently, then, Reece's outlook is rather bleak. Three of the four other members of his committee, Goodwin, Hays, and Mrs. Pfost, voted against holding the investigation in the first place. Wolcott voted for it, but he comes from Michigan, where the benefactors of the Ford, Sloan, and Kellogg Foundations, among others, are still in business and still good prospects for Republican campaign contributions.

In making his request for House consideration of his resolution, Reece devoted special attention to describing what he termed "Subversive and Procommunist and Prosocialist Propaganda Activities of the Ford Foundation." His particular ire was directed at the Fund for the Republic, set up by the Ford Foundation with a grant of $15 million.

This fund, which Republican Congressman Clifford P. Case of New Jersey recently resigned his seat to direct, describes its purposes as to "support activities directed toward the elimination of restrictions on freedom of thought, inquiry and expression in the United States, and the development of policies and procedures best adapted to protect those rights in the face of persistent international tension." Reece characterized the Fund, more succinctly if less accurately, as "$15 million being set aside to investigate the Congress of the United States." He made it clear that he regarded Robert Hutchins as "the key man in the Ford Foundation," and added that the money might have been better spent by the Ford Foundation "to help ferret out and expose the subversion in our schools and our universities, or [it] might have done something about the Ford plants in the Detroit area . . . where thousands of unsuspecting and loyal American workers were being duped and held in a tight grip by the Communist leadership of local 600 of the United Automobile Workers of America. . . .

"So, instead of the Ford Foundation voting $15 million to investigate Congress, they might well clean up their own backyard first, their plants and the Ford Foundation too."

Reece's footwork on the floor failed to impress even his sponsors. His extended remarks had been written by the professional patriots of the Chicago Tribune Tower. The detailed charges against the Ford and other foundations were to have been spread on the record only if the motion for the investigation lost. The authors regarded Reece's use of this material while he was winning as premature and unauthorized expenditure of ammunition.

At the September 15 meeting of the committee, Reece made a statement very similar to one Cox had made not long before his death. Cox had said, "Probably I'm less inclined to point the accusing finger at foundations than I was before this committee staff did a lot of work." In similar vein, Reece indicated that some of his previous statements may have been "overexuberant," and went out of his way to deny knowledge of Walter Winchell's claim that "Congressman Reece and his outfit will allege that a top member of the Ford Foundation is a leader of a Red spy ring in the United States."

Reece's exuberance may have been further dampened by Wayne Hays's enthusiasm for investigating a tax-exempt organization in Reece's own state of Tennessee, the American Council of Christian Laymen. Reece's attention had already been called to this organization in a letter from Senator Estes Kefauver (against whom Reece had run unsuccessfully for Senator in 1948). According to Kefauver, the American Council of Christian Laymen had been formed by one Verne P. Kaub, for fourteen years a public-relations man for Wisconsin Power and Light. The Laymen oppose public power.

Kaub had written on the Council's letterhead to members of the Senate when the TVA appropriation was up for consideration this year, asking that the Senators "give careful consideration" to, among other things, a pamphlet called "Follies, Fallacies and Falsehoods of TVA." In

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informing Reece of this letter, Kefauver commented, "It is a matter of considerable disgust to me that Mr. Kaub, on behalf of the Council, should attack TVA as a 'drain' upon the tax dollars of the United States while he and his Council unjustly enjoy exemption from taxes that are paid by other responsible citizens of the United States."

Both Reece and Kefauver will face the voters next year. Whether Reece will face Republican opposition in his own district or whether he will try to unseat Kefauver is still unknown. Whatever Reece does, the revelation of tax-exempt anti-TVA lobbying in line with his own opinions can hardly help him. Kefauver has another ace up his sleeve: the striking fact that the Rockefeller Foundation has put more money into the state of Tennessee (by helping support Vanderbilt University and its Medical School; Fisk University; and the George Peabody College for Teachers) than it has given to any other state, regardless of size.

Men in the Wings

Meanwhile, foundation executives wait their cues restlessly. They have no quarrel with the right of Congress to investigate them, but few of them look forward to investigation as an annual event. Apparently they won't be onstage until winter at the earliest; the committee's mandate runs until January 3, 1955. The foundation men are particularly nettled by the committee's announced aim "to determine which such foundations and organizations are using their resources for un-American and subversive activities; for political purposes; propaganda, or attempts to influence legislation." The tone of "Have you stopped beating your wife?" is unmistakable.

Also, they wonder what this year's new business, if any, may be. Much of the Cox Committee's time was given to examining the extent to which foundation funds may have been used by seditious persons or organizations bent upon seditious activities. The foundations are anxious not to give money to seditious persons. But determining who is seditious is a government affair; treason should be detected and punished, but by duly constituted authorities. The foundations could not do that job anyway without the power of subpoena; and besides, as one ranking foundation head puts it, if citizens start making blacklists of each other, the fabric of American society is destroyed. The foundations have already given the government, through the Cox Committee last year, lists of all their beneficiaries who have come under suspicion in any of the many loyalty and security investigations. They feel that on this score there is nothing more to talk about.

Foundation heads do not believe that the privilege of tax exemption should carry with it a governmental right to judge what projects tax-exempt foundations should undertake. By using words like "propaganda" and "un-American" to describe what he thinks tax-exempt organizations should not do, Reece has opened the door to political thought control under the guise of enforcing the tax laws. In the process, say the foundation executives, he endangers the independence of every institution in the country that enjoys any form of tax privilege, first among them churches and schools. The Cox Committee report, when it noted "Many of our citizens confuse the term 'social,' as applied to the discipline of the social sciences, with the term 'socialism,' " may not have fallen too far short of a description of the attitude held by many in government, including Reece.

Last year, Dr. Abraham Flexner, former Rockefeller Foundation executive, wrote the Cox Committee: "The present weak points in foundations are timidity and lack of ideas. The strong point is their freedom from governmental or any other type of interference. . . . Some years ago I asked Mr. Roscoe Pound, then dean of the Harvard Law School, whether he had any fear that foundations would become radical. He replied, 'No, my sole fear is that they will become sterile.' " Foundation executives are concerned lest repeated castigations cause their organizations to lose their stomach for risk and confine their efforts to saving mankind by annotated bibliographies.

UNLIKE THE COLLEGES and universities, the foundations have no alumni. Unlike the churches, they have no members. Vote-counting Congressmen may therefore feel that they can denounce them with near impunity. Yet if the going should get really rough, the foundations have one by no means unimportant recourse. They have been made possible by private enterprise, in many cases by private enterprises that are currently going concerns. The industrialists, financiers, and lawyers across the country who serve as trustees of foundations have telephones. Many of them know their Congressmen. Many of them make campaign contributions. Members of a Republican Congress that enjoys only the slenderest of majorities will probably keep all this in mind. So this year's performance of "Pay Dirt in Them Thar Foundations," like last year's, may find the sifting of the rapidly flowing and occasionally muddy waters of foundation activity carried on in an area where due process is well established and protected.

If so, it will be disappointing to the Reece Committee's major behind-the-scenes backers, who may start looking for a new leading man. On March 19 last, a letter was sent to Paul Hoffman, then chairman of the Ford Foundation, asking, presumably because of its tax-exempt status, for details of the Foundation's assets, operations, and personnel, and adding: "In order that the subcommittee may be in a better position to determine the organization and functions of the Foundation, it would be appreciated if, when the above requested material is available, you would be kind enough to arrange for a conference at your convenience with representatives of the subcommittee in Washington at some early date." The signature, although it had been written by a subordinate, was that of Joe McCarthy.

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CHANNELS:

Two American Women

MARYA MANNES

THERE ARE moments when television not only justifies itself but our faith—sometimes wavering—in our own nature; when we see on the small screen living images of ourselves as Americans which are rarely visible in other media.

Two such images appeared lately —two women, apart and different, who shared virtue and courage. One was the mother of a G.I. who had refused repatriation from Korea, the other was a young matron in local politics.

Mrs. Batchelor, the mother, appeared on a program originating in Chicago called "Welcome Travelers," which presents every day at 4 P.M. on NBC several people singled out as particularly worthy of attention and aid. They tell their stories, often between sobs, and they are rewarded with a series of handsome presents related to their needs. The stories, tenderly midwifed by two men of overwhelming Tact and Sincerity, are often very interesting, and such was the case with Mrs. Batchelor's. Handsome, grave, rugged, and well dressed, this mother of eight from Kermit, Texas, spoke in hurt and measured phrases of her son who did not want to come back home.

She could not, of course, understand it. Clive was a good boy, a quiet boy; everybody liked him. When the news first came to them in Kermit, the Batchelors feared the worst from their community and shrank in apprehension of abusive calls and ostracism. But the opposite happened, and the mother's voice shook as she told how one after one of her friends and neighbors called to offer sympathy and help. None believed Clive was "like that." He had been forced; he would change his mind; he would come back home.

Looking at the stern old-American features of Mrs. Batchelor, it was hard indeed to imagine her son a Communist—unless her very strength had weakened him. It made one think of all the nice, quiet boys of good families who have done so many dreadful things in recent years. Yet it made one think, too, of the decency and compassion in average Americans in an average town who recognized the core of this woman's tragedy and respected the dignity of her grief.

MRS. HINDS, the other woman, was one of the "amateur" panel chosen on Fred Allen's new show, "Judge for Yourself" (Tuesdays on NBC at 10 P.M.), to vie with a professional panel in picking talent. She was young, pretty in a trim, clean way, and pleasantly assured. She spoke a clear and cultivated English. When Allen asked her what she did, her answer came as a distinct shock: "I am running for the legislature in New Jersey." Having shortly before seen on TV an example of New Jersey politics in the person of Paul L. Troast, the Republican candidate for Governor, this viewer considered Mrs. Hinds a Daniel of major proportions. When, in answer to Allen's "On what ticket?" she answered gaily "Democratic," even his pouched, sardonic face showed amazement. "Democratic?" he said, trying, one imagined, to reconcile the lady with the image of Frank Hague and John V. Kenny—and the studio audience roared.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Hinds.

"Do you have any slogan in your campaign?"

"Yes," she said, quite deadpan, " 'It's Time for a Change.' The Republicans," she added over the pleased laughter of the crowd, "have been in there [Essex County] for over forty years."

On further questioning, it appeared that Mrs. Hinds had two children, aged three years and six months respectively, and managed somehow to take care of them and even enjoy them and her husband in between her campaign tours of Essex County on the white charger of honesty and order. When Mr. Allen wished her luck, he appeared to mean it.

Mrs. Hinds may be foolhardy but she is no fool. And only a professional defeatist could fail to be heartened by the thought that if women as young, intelligent, and well bred as she are willing to wade into the Jersey political marshes, there may be hope for decent local government —and discouragement of the Wickses and Fays and Hagues of this world, whose particular brand of smartness is showing signs of obsolescence.

The capacity for rebellion in Americans may be latent, but it is alive, and women like Mrs. Hinds, armed with the mighty weapons of indignation, may yet prevail.

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America's Not So Dubious Battle

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

FIRE IN THE ASHES: Europe in Mid-Century. By Theodore H. White. *William Sloane Associates. $5.*

"THE ROMANS were triflers to us," wrote Horace Walpole after the Seven Years' War as he contemplated the triumph of Britain over all rivals in the New World and the Old, and he urged his countrymen to "throw away your Greek and Latin books, histories of little peoples." But within a few years Benjamin Franklin was offering to provide Gibbon materials for a history of the Decline and Fall of the British Empire. Actually it took Britain over a century to learn how to be a world power, how to spread British culture and institutions throughout the globe, how to weld together the most effective international organization that we have yet known.

A good many Americans feel now just as Walpole did then, for we are the successors—however reluctantly—not only of Rome but of Britain. Not ambitious for power, we have had power thrust upon us; rejecting responsibility, we have been unable to escape it; inclined to parochialism, we have been forced into the center of the international arena; fundamentally peaceable, we have become the arsenal of the western world. But our task is far more difficult than any Britain faced, and the stakes of success or failure are far greater. Furthermore, we do not have a century in which to learn how to be a world power; we must crowd into a decade all the experience Britain drew from a hundred years, and in that short time we must learn what no other power except Britain has ever learned.

The obstacles that confront us as we embark upon this great adventure are not primarily material, or technological, or economic, or political, or even military, important as all these are. They are philosophical. That is, the success or failure of the effort to revive and reconstruct the western world, to integrate Europe, to vindicate democracy, to solve problems of colonialism and of nationalism, depends more on making the right decisions than on using the right materials. It requires not only a meeting and a blending of currencies and resources and weapons but also a meeting and a blending of minds.

We are ready enough, most of us, to display impatience at the unwillingness of Europeans to make the right decisions and the proper sacrifices. We are impatient with their claims to sovereignty, their sensitive nationalisms, their stubborn trade barriers, their backward social institutions, and their inability to raise their standards of living, to push through necessary reforms, and to join with ancient enemies and ancient rivals in a common enterprise.

The objective student must concede that these failures of the European nations and peoples are serious and may be disastrous. But we are not very ready, most of us, to ponder our own reluctance to give up the exercise of sovereignty, to abide by the decisions of majorities when we do not like the decisions, to reduce our own trade barriers, to share our own scientific and technological advances, to allow the free movement of goods and men and ideas. We are justly impatient with the slowness of the European Union or the Atlantic community, but we are inclined to think the answer is to be found in the imposition of a *Pax Americana*—or perhaps of a *Bellum Americanum*.

Playing by Ear

What we must learn—and we could have no better instructor than Theodore White, whose *Fire in the Ashes* is the most thoughtful and penetrating study of Europe at mid-century that has yet appeared—is that the defense of the West and the re-creation of a vigorous western civilization are and must be co-operative enterprises.

Mr. White has surveyed the contemporary scene in Britain, France, and Germany, revealing in each case the complex strands that go to make up the pattern of politics—a

Theodore H. White in Paris

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pattern coherent enough in Britain, kaleidoscopic in France, and distorted in Germany. For each country and for each set of problems he presents, as it were, a laboratory specimen—a bravura portrait of a labor leader in Britain, of an ex-maquisard who became a secret service official in France, of an industrialist in Germany.

That Europe needs the United States we can take for granted; that the United States needs the skills, the experience, and the ideas of western Europe is not sufficiently appreciated. For all the hideous wounds of war, there is still a tremendous vitality in Europe; there is fire in the ashes. All this should be obvious, but at a time when we refuse to share atomic secrets or techniques even with Britain, it is, alas, far from obvious.

How, after all, is the United States to win the co-operation of the nations of western Europe and to make that co-operation effective? This is the theme of Mr. White's inquiry, this rather than the problems of European states themselves. Some help is to be found in a review of what we have done in the last eight years—the mistakes we have made, the successes we have achieved. In a sense we blundered into these problems, and in a sense we improvised the solutions. We blundered into the problems because we had hoped not to have to solve them or even work at them—aside from supporting UNRRA, for example, or granting some loans. We improvised solutions because it is in our nature to do so and because we were reluctant to take on long-term responsibilities. The contrast here between the American and the Russian method is revealing. Whereas the Russians come to a people or a nation with an ideology all worked out, impose it by force, and then follow up with techniques and tools, the Americans bring their techniques and tools first, tear into the immediate job, and then allow the ideas and the principles to emerge.

This, in a sense, is the way we entered and fought the war. When we had finished that job, we went home, trusting that it would be a long time before we had to take on a similar job, trusting that now Europe could take care of itself. When the Soviet threat and the economic crisis of 1947 showed that Europe couldn't take care of itself and that a European breakdown would involve all of us in general ruin, we turned once again to the immediate job.

IMPROVISING from UNRRA to Point Four, from the Truman Doctrine to the Marshall Plan, from the Marshall Plan to the North Atlantic Treaty—improvising from military occupation of Germany to the rebuilding of the German economy, from the Berlin airlift to preparing for a European army, from the Korean crisis to an Asia policy—going on from day to day and doing the job, Americans chalked up a remarkable record of achievement. The record of diplomacy, military aid, and economic assistance is one that can stand comparison with any comparable chapter in our own history or in the history of any other nation. There were mistakes in detail, there were delays and confusions, there were bad manners, but there were no irremediable errors or failures. I have no doubt that historians a generation from now will place the record of the Truman Administration in meeting the crowding and complex problems of international power on a level with the record of the Roosevelt Administration in meeting the crowding and complex problems of the national economy or the challenge of the war.

For some curious reason that should command more attention from psychologists, Americans like to think that they suffer defeat after defeat and indignity after indignity; that however glorious they may be on the battlefield, every diplomatic conference is a Waterloo. To read the press, to listen to the politicians over the past seven or eight years, one might suppose that Roosevelt actually led the country to defeat, that Truman and Acheson sold out to the Communists, and that the nation is sick and bleeding and demoralized. But, as Mr. White points out in one instance after another, it is not the Americans who made the mistakes and suffered the defeats, but the Russians.

Their Losses

The Russians broke up the Grand Alliance; they forfeited American and British friendship; they made a mess of their relations with China by gutting Manchuria; they failed to win any of the major prizes—the Dardanelles, Turkey, Trieste, North Africa, the oil of the Middle East, the industry of the Ruhr, a voice in the control of Japan. They have won only what their armies had already won during the war, or what they were able to take by force or by guile before the West rearmed. They have not been able to hold the hearts and minds of Europeans; witness the wave of revolt in East Germany, the seething hatreds in Poland and other satellite countries. Even in the Far East, as Mr. White observes, "The expansion of communism . . . is thus not the triumph of Russian calculation, but the triumph of Communist faith in an overripe social situation in which the West let itself be trapped on the losing side."

What is the explanation of this situation? It lies not merely in the superior resources of the West, or in the skills and techniques the West commands. It lies rather in the methods or, if you will, the philosophy to which the West subscribes. The American program appealed to the

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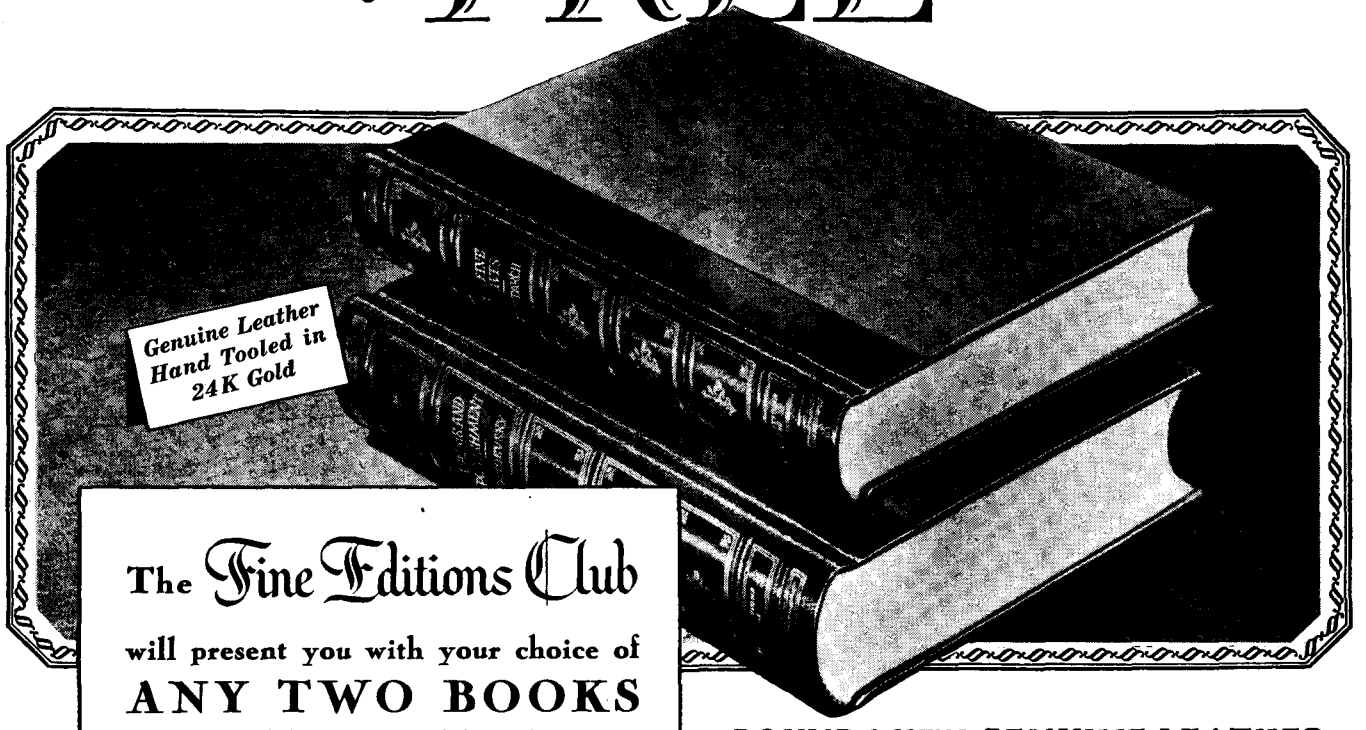

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minds of men; it operated in an atmosphere of freedom; it permitted trial and error; it was co-operative. It was in short an open system, not a closed one; a pluralistic system, not a monolithic one; a pragmatic system, not an absolutistic one. The Russians made one colossal blunder after another because they did not understand human nature, because they had choked off the channels of communication and information from the West and closed their minds to fresh ideas or new facts. As Mr. White says of Stalin:

"Perhaps no statesman of any time has a record of so many miscalculations, of such magnitude, over so long a period of time as Joseph Stalin. Through them all runs a single thread, a single element of error. They were all political, not organizational, mistakes, and all showed themselves wherever Stalin came in contact with the outer world. . . . Where he made his errors was always in the judgment of the free impulse of human beings, of how they might react, how they might express themselves beyond the areas of his police control. Trapped by its own machine, his thinking was suffocated by the incense of his slaves."

Our Opportunities

So far we have not been trapped by our mistakes or by our philosophy; and if we would vindicate our leadership of the West and win the struggle for the minds of men, it behooves us not to be trapped. Lend-Lease, Marshall Plan, NATO—these suggest that we can, if we will, summon the same ingenuity in the political realm that we have always displayed in the technological. But can we summon to our aid the resources of the open mind and the critical intelligence of our own people and our allies?

This is yet to be decided. While Mr. White rightly applauds the intelligence and integrity of the hundreds of American proconsuls who have labored so tirelessly and selflessly to rebuild Europe, who have spent $27 billion without a major scandal, who have on the whole displayed a restraint and a self-restraint unparalleled in history, he draws a somber picture of our Foreign Service, which, he says, "has reached a level of timidity which gives the American people a service of eunuchs." To bear this out, he tells, in some detail, what has happened to the China desk of our State Department. It is worth quoting:

"The basic burden of the reporting of the China Service in the critical years was that, in the inevitable clash between the Chinese Communists and Chiang Kai-shek, Chiang would be the loser. This correctness in judgment has resulted, however, not in honor either collectively or individually to the China Service. China has gone Communist. In some fashion the men of the China Service were held responsible. The China Service, therefore, no longer exists. Of the twenty-two officers who joined it before the beginning of World War II, there were in 1952 only two still used by the State Department in Washington—both had had the luck not to be in China during the war. . . ."

NOR IS this policy of punishing those who give us disinterested advice confined to the China Service—as the fate of George Kennan reveals.

If, misled by partisanship, bemused by perfectionism, seduced by the temptations of power, we seek to substitute for the processes of reason the processes of force, we shall lose the contest for the minds of European men. If we continue to place our faith in the intelligence and virtue of our fellow men, in the superiority of freedom to oppression, of truth to falsehood, of reason to prejudice, and of faith to fear, we have a chance to win. In all this we have the support of stanch allies—of the British with their fierce sense of justice and their penetrating intelligence; of the Scandinavians with their genius for science and learning and their ability to build a civilization in whose benefits all share alike; of the Germans with their skills and their industry and, let us hope, their new humility; of the French; of the Italians. But above and beyond all this we have

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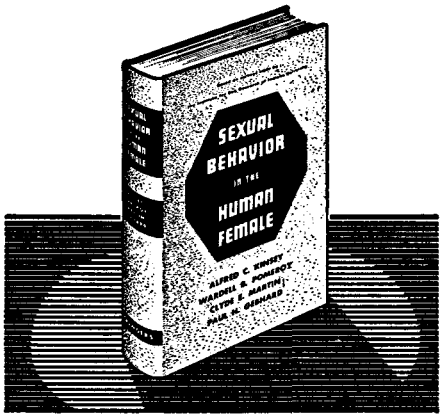

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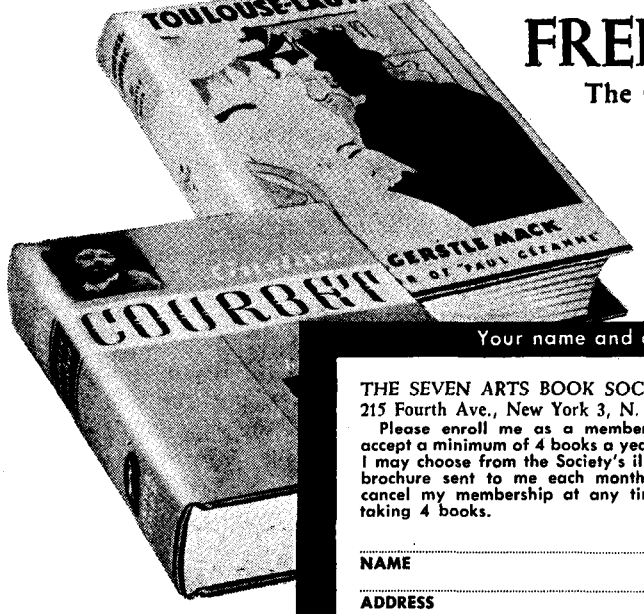

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The distinguished performance would be enhanced by incidental music, but that would present certain difficulties in the way of expense, since Mr. Sitwell's script calls for Bach's organ, Beethoven's symphonies, London street cries, Chleuh boy dancers from Marrakesh, Pastora Imperio—if she is still alive—to sing flamencos, batteries of tin cans beaten by savages, and Neapolitan firecrackers. After these performers had been assembled for his sister's reading, a great number of paintings would have to be hung in the hall for reference.

"I have heard most of the music of the world, and seen nearly all the paintings," the author writes in a preface to this selection from his works. And although he adds, "the sensation of being born anew every morning is a necessity," it is clear that he comes to breakfast heavy-eyed with memories of "nearly all works of art in the known world."

Mr. Sitwell is not pretentious; he is convinced that the American public for which he has prepared this volume will encounter no difficulties. Just to make sure he provides us with explicit clues. Introducing "Battle in the Steppe," which deals with the Russian Front during the war, he refers us to his "old classical dictionary . . . (dated Pembroke College, Oxford, November 1788, at a good period in the writing of English)," cites Hesiod, Virgil, Brueghel, Dante, and also writes, "I tried to add the horrors of air battle in terms of the aerial monsters to be described in Hieronymus Bosch's paintings." As for his "Finale in Form of a Bacchanale," this "is not difficult to deduce from the last movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony." In contrast, "Festival at Nola" "is written in Neapolitan style, inspired, that is to say, by the climate, the architecture and the music of Naples. . . ." The account, moreover, is based on Ferdinand Gregorovius, who wrote his piece in German in 1853. Mr. Sitwell gives his sources.

IT IS EVIDENT that a man who, on occasion, writes in order "to describe visually, yet, were it possible, in the formal language of the fugue. . . .," or who speaks of his writing as "an exhibition of selected paintings," is engaged in defying the accepted canons of contemporary literature that demand directness and simplicity—and the least possible use of description. But that is why Mr. Sitwell's *Selected Works*, irritating, artificial, the deliberate production of an unrepentant aesthete, provide surprising if momentary relief. He cannot refrain from name-dropping—the names of masterpieces but also the name of the late Duke of Alba, with whom he drives through the streets of Seville. Yet it is useful to have the great works of art named to us even if we have to look them up, and Mr. Sitwell's presence at the side of the noble Spanish Duke is not as irrelevant or snobbish as it might seem, since whose mule-drawn carriage but Alba's would be as lavishly decorated for the *feria*?

MR. SITWELL'S gallery of paintings, his variations on themes, are of more than picturesque importance; they are *aide-mémoire* to a world that is changing, instructing it of what has been destroyed and what remains. "Without two wars," Mr. Sitwell asks, "what could the world have been? What might it be, even now, if all the wounds were healing!" On the day the Germans entered Paris, Mr. Sitwell sat down to write "London Charivari," a description of London streets. He was trying to save what he could through the only method he had of saving anything at all. This purpose lifts his book above its tricks.

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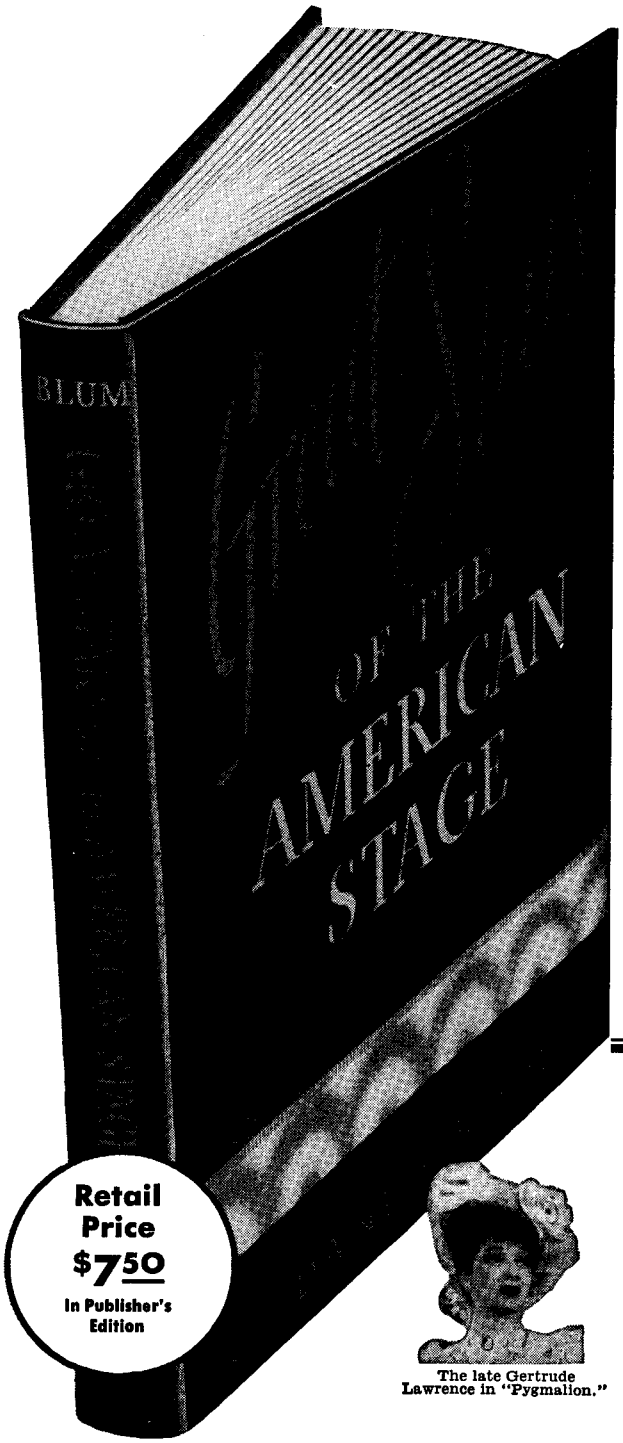

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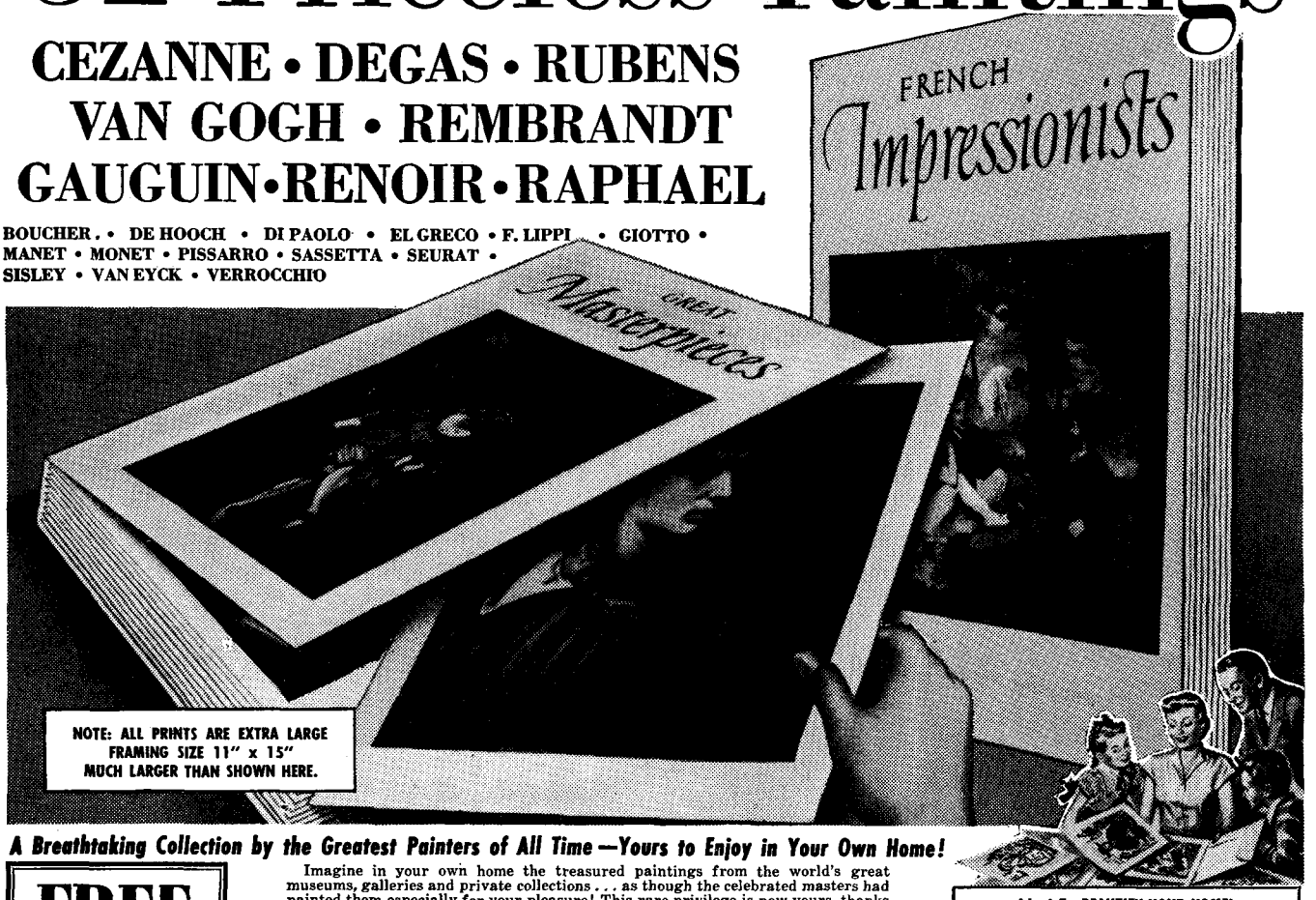

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